THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1808.

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3. A new and elegant PATTERN for a SLEEVE.
4. A new and elegant DRAWING for a WORK-BASKET.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of *Sketches from Nature* in our next.

Mary D—— will find some others of her pieces in our next: we are sorry they have so long been overlooked; and hope for a continuance of her communications.

The Letter of *Neos* on *the Preference given by Ladies to Soldiers*, is under consideration. We wish the author would revise it. Some of the reflections seem too illiberal to be applied to the defenders of their country.

We cannot entirely agree with the criticisms of *a Constant Reader*.

The *Curieux*, or *a Tribute to Valour*, by *J. Maine*, in our next.

The Acrostic is very incorrect.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR MARCH, 1808.

THE

REPENTANT FUGITIVE.

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

IN one of the northern counties of England resided some years since an honest farmer, whose industry, integrity, and economy, had procured him the respect and affection of all his neighbours. He was always willing and even eager to serve to the utmost of his power, every one who applied to him for his assistance, as not a grain either of selfishness or ill-nature mingled in his composition. Artless and unsuspicious he might be easily deceived and imposed upon, but he himself could deceive no one.

The reward of his goodness of heart he seemed to receive in his domestic happiness. His wife, whose disposition was the exact counterpart of his own, had been the choice of his youth, the object of his sincere and most ardent affection, and they had long lived together in uninterrupted happiness. He had, too, a daughter, his tenderly beloved Lucy, whose gradually expanding beauty, accompanied by the appearance of those good and amiable qualities, the seeds of which he had carefully endeavoured to implant in her mind both by education and example, gave him every day new pleasure. Lucy, indeed, as she grew up, was endowed by nature with so many charms, all armed with double force by the most artless innocence, that she was with reason at once the joy and hope of her delighted father, the ornament of the village in which she was born, and the admiration of the whole country for a consi-

derable extent around her happy and peaceful dwelling.

But too soon the cruel spoiler came. One of those youths of fashion and dissipation, with an attractive and delusive exterior, but a base and unfeeling heart; well versed in all the deceit and all the mischief practised in that vortex of vice, the capital, chanced to come down on a visit to the splendid inhabitants of a stately mansion which stood not many miles from the humble cottage of Lucy and her father, the hitherto undisturbed abode of unsuspecting innocence. He heard of the beauty of Lucy; he saw her, and his corrupt appetites became inflamed with those baser passions which he could alone feel. He was soon convinced that he could only hope for success by assuming the appearance of integrity and virtue, which he knew but too well how to assume with the most fiend-like hypocrisy. Little art of this kind was wanting so to impose on the honest and unsuspicious father, as to obtain admission into the family, and obtain access to the daughter, as an honourable suitor, able and eagerly desirous to raise her to a truly distinguished rank in life. With the daughter, whose heart he soon captivated by his elegant exterior and superficially polished manners, he but too easily succeeded in persuading her to keep secret from her father what he pretended to intrust her with, in the full confidence of ardent and enthusiastic affection, that their marriage must be private, and remain concealed for some time, to prevent the loss of very considerable property; and that the only way to give it due privacy would be to go with him to London without even informing her father of their departure. He at the same time assured her of the integrity of his intentions by the strongest promises, and most solemn oaths.

The artless Lucy, unwilling to suspect deceit in one who she felt had obtained her heart, listened to, and complied with, his proposal; and, though bathed in tears at the thought of leaving her father without consulting him on the step she was taking, fled with her lover to the capital. With her fled all happiness and comfort from the heart of her honest and affectionate parent.

In London her treacherous seducer had full scope for all his base designs, and a pretended marriage soon sealed her fate. The ardour of the faithless deceiver not long after very sensibly cooled, and he treated her not merely with slight, but with harshness and even cruelty. She discovered how basely she had been deluded, and became a prey to unavailing remorse, and the keenest anguish. Too late repentant, she resolved to return to her father, and seek in his forgiveness some consolation for her folly, and her fatal error. She returned, and reached her home; that home where she had always before found peace and happiness, but which now only redoubled the pangs that rent her afflicted heart, just at the moment when her father, who had frequently sought her in vain before, was preparing again to set out in search of her, declaring that he would not return till he had found her. She sank on her knees before him, dissolved in bitterest tears. He felt that she was his daughter; he raised her,

he embraced her, he forgave her. But the violent shock which this unexpected meeting gave his heart, already nearly exhausted by the strong emotions of anxiety and grief to which it had long been a prey, brought on almost immediately a severe illness, under which he languished a few days, and then closed his eyes for ever; declaring himself happy in having lived to see his daughter convinced of her folly and her error, and truly repentant; and in being permitted to take his leave of her, and bless her with his expiring breath. Lucy during the whole time of his illness never left him, nor could she be prevailed upon to take any rest. Fatigue and the agitation of her suffering heart, added to all she had before undergone, overpowered her delicate frame, and she soon, likewise, sunk into the grave. A melancholy example of the fatal consequences of one single error produced by the indulgence of vanity or an imprudent passion—by omitting to confide in and take the advice of a parent, whom affection and experience will always render competent to give salutary counsel to the passions and giddiness of youth.

BRIEF ABSTRACT of the TRIAL of GENERAL WHITELOCKE, Commander in Chief of the Expedition to BUENOS AYRES, on Charges of Misconduct before a Court-Martial held at Chelsea, on the 28th of January, and Thirty-one succeeding Days.

ON the 28th of January the members who were to compose the Court-Martial, having previously assembled in Chelsea College, proceeded to the great hall precisely at eleven o'clock.

The following names of the members were then called over, and they were sworn in the usual form:

General Sir W. Meadows, President.

Generals Lord Cathcart; Lord Lake; Garth; Norton; Cuyler; Ogilvie.

Lieutenant Generals Sir J. Moore; Fox; Nugent; Sir J. Duff; Harris; Farrington; Manners; Loftus; Welford; Garth; Stavely; Sir C. Ross.

Sir Richard Ryder, Judge-Advocate.

After the members had taken their places, the judge-advocate-general read the four following Charges against general Whitelocke, to which he generally pleaded not guilty.

First Charge.—That lieutenant-general Whitelocke, having received instructions from his Majesty's principal secretary of state, to proceed for the reduction of the province of Buenos Ayres, pursued measures ill calculated to facilitate that conquest: that when the Spanish commander had shown such symptoms of a disposition to treat, as to express a desire to communicate with major-general Gower, second in command, upon the subject of terms the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke did return a message, in which he demanded, amongst other articles, the surrender of all persons holding civil offices in the government of Buenos Ayres as prisoners of war. That the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke, in making such an offensive and unusual demand, tending to exasperate the

inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, to produce and encourage a spirit of resistance to his Majesty's arms, to exclude the hope of amicable accommodation, and to increase the difficulties of the service with which he was intrusted, acted in a manner unbecoming his duty as an officer, prejudicial to military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war.

Second Charge.—That the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke, after the landing of the troops at Ensenada, and during the march from thence to the town of Buenos Ayres, did not make the military arrangements best calculated to ensure the success of his operations against the town; and that having known, previously to his attack upon the town of Buenos Ayres, upon the 5th of July 1807, as appears from his dispatch of July 10th, that the enemy meant to occupy the flat roofs of the houses, he did, nevertheless, in the said attack, divide his forces into several brigades and parts, and ordered the whole to be unloaded, and no firing to be permitted on any account; and under this order to march into the principal streets of the town, unprovided with proper and sufficient means for forcing the barricadoes, whereby the troops were unnecessarily exposed to destruction, without the possibility of making effectual opposition; such conduct betraying great professional incapacity on the part of the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke, tending to lessen the confidence of the troops in the judgment of their officers, being derogatory to the honour of his Majesty's arms, contrary to his duty as an officer, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war.

Third Charge.—That the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke did not make, although it was in his power, any effectual attempt, by his own personal exertion, or otherwise, to co-operate with or support the different divisions of the army under his command, when engaged with the enemy in the streets of Buenos Ayres, on the 5th of July 1807; whereby those troops, after having encountered and surmounted a well-directed fire, and having effected the purport of their orders, were left without aid and support, or further orders; and considerable detachments, under lieutenant-colonel Duff and brigadier-general Craufurd, were thereby compelled to surrender; such conduct on the part of lieut.-general Whitelocke, tending to the defeat and dishonour of his Majesty's arms, to lessen the confidence of the troops in the skill and courage of their officers, being unbecoming and disgraceful to his character as an officer, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war.

Fourth Charge.—That the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke, subsequently to the attack upon the town of Buenos Ayres, and at the time when the troops under his command were in possession of posts on each flank of the town, and of the principal arsenal, with a communication open to the fleet, and having an effective force of about 5,000 men, did enter into and finally concluded a treaty with the enemy, whereby he acknowledges in the public dispatch of the 10th of July 1807, that 'he resolved to forego the

advantages which the bravery of his troops had obtained, and which advantages had cost him about 2,500 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners;' and by such treaty he unnecessarily and shamefully surrendered all such advantages, totally evacuated the town of Buenos Ayres, and consented to deliver, and did shamefully abandon and deliver up to the enemy the strong fortress of Monte Video, which had been committed to his charge, and which, at the period of the treaty and abandonment, was well and sufficiently garrisoned and provided against attack, and which was not, at such period, in a state of blockade or siege; such conduct on the part of the said lieutenant-general Whitelocke tending to the dishonour of his Majesty's arms, and being contrary to his duty as an officer, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war.

The judge-advocate then addressed the court in an introductory speech, after which witnesses were called; the first of whom was general Gower. He gave a detail of all the proceedings in which he had been engaged. It appeared that the plan of attack had been originally his, but it had been altered in some material points by general Whitelocke. It appearing by the subsequent examination of general Gower that a coolness existed between the commander in chief and himself;—he was asked 'Did any thing pass between you and general Whitelocke, on or before the 4th of July, so as to produce an irritation in your mind?' He answered, 'Yes; in an interview I had with the general, having differed from him in some of his proposals, he appeared heated, and said that I was throwing cold water on every thing he wished to do—I replied to this in terms that displeased him so much, that he said were it not for his personal respect for me, he would supersede me in the situation I held in the staff. After being so stigmatized, I did not feel myself very comfortable in any correspondence with the commander in chief.'

Brigadier-general Craufurd, in his examination, stated the great inconvenience the troops suffered from the want of bread; that no arrangement had been made for supplying them on their march; bread having been issued for the 28th, 29th, and 30th; after which none was issued till the 3d. They were enabled to procure corn, but this was useless, as their camp-kettles had been left behind, and and they could not cook it. He also gave it as his opinion that if the army had made the attack on the 2d instead of the 5th, Buenos Ayres would have been taken without difficulty. In this opinion he was supported by major-general Gower, who, in reply to a question from Sir John Moore, stated, that if there had been a force to have seconded the impression made by the light battalion on the 2d, the place must have been carried.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty said that the army wanted confidence in the commander in chief, who had brought difficulties on them from which he could not extricate them, and that this want of confidence in the army was a principal inducement for his agreeing to a capitulation.

Captain Frazer who commanded the artillery distinctly said that on the 4th of July he could have

brought up guns and erected batteries to bear on the town and fortress, and assistance might have been given to Sir Samuel Auchmuty's brigade; but he received no orders to this effect from the commander in chief, whom he described as having wasted the whole day. Other witnesses proved that the commander in chief kept a thousand men with him during the whole of the day, totally unemployed; that during that time he issued no orders, except ordering the carabineers (part of the reserve) who were drawn up in front of White's house (which seems to have been the head-quarters) to retire, and form in the rear of the house, and to send 16 artillery men to the assistance of sir Samuel Auchmuty.

Lieutenant-colonel Duff, who commanded the right wing of the 88th, stated the hopeless situation in which he was placed, in the middle of a town where the enemy were enfilading his men every way, while he had no communication with the commander in chief; did not receive any assistance, or offer of assistance, from him, and indeed did not know where he was. The evidence of major Vandeleur, and other witnesses, was to the same effect, all agreeing that no communication was kept open with either of the advanced columns in the town; that many of the officers who commanded those columns did not know where the commander in chief was stationed, and that they had no orders to act upon.

On Monday March 14, general Whitelocke entered on his defence, in which he made many reflections on the conduct of the judge-advocate in conducting the prosecution. On the great charge of not having sent orders or reinforcements to the commanders of the columns after the check; he owned that he had not sent orders, for the disaster had come on him unexpectedly, and he had not resources. With respect to the giving up of Monte Video, he had acted with the concurrence of his officers, and from obvious necessity. He called a few witnesses to facts; also general White, who spoke well of his military character. He concluded his defence on Tuesday, when the judge-advocate summed up the evidence for the prosecution, and made some remarks on the defence. The court met again on the two following days to consider on the evidence and agree in their sentence, which has since been laid before the King and made public. It is as follows:

Sentence.—The Court-Martial having duly considered the evidence given in support of the charges against the prisoner, lieutenant-general Whitelocke, his defence, and the evidence he has adduced, are of opinion, that he is guilty of the whole of the said charges, with the exception of that part of the second charge which relates to the order that "*the columns should be unloaded, and that no firing should be permitted on any account.*"

The court are anxious that it may be distinctly understood, that they attach no censure whatever to the precautions taken to prevent unnecessary firing during the advance of the troops to the proposed points of attack, and do therefore acquit lieutenant-general Whitelocke of that part of the said charge.

The court adjudge, that the said *lieutenant-general Whitelocke be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever.*

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 57.]

LETTER LV.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

AS I know nothing gives my dear Susan more pleasure than to hear of the health and happiness of her friends, I without reluctance inform you how we go on here; no one can be happier than myself in the affectionate treatment I receive from this truly worthy brother and sister; they seem to anticipate all my wishes; for last week Mrs. Ambrose proposed that we should pay a visit to Mrs. Wilson. The pleasure she knew I should receive at an interview with my sister strengthened her inclination; and as she was a stranger to Mrs. Wilson, having not seen her for twenty years, this visit was proposed to be to miss Vernon, and a morning one; but if we liked our reception, and were asked, we intended to dine; there is something whimsical in the idea of staying at a person's house if you are asked. The colonel laughed at our scheme, and rallied us on the foolish figure we should make if we returned without our dinner. I, who longed of all things to see Maria, was delighted with the proposal, and we set off yesterday, at nine o'clock, in the chariot, for Hampstead, which is about five miles from town, and arrived there about noon. We found Maria alone in the parlour. I need not say she was rejoiced to see us. Mrs. Wilson was not risen, having had a very bad night, that is to say, she had laid awake about two hours, which she calls a bad night. Mr. Wilson had rode out for an airing.

We had sat about half an hour when a most violent ringing of a bell from above stairs made Mrs. Ambrose start from her seat: Maria smiled, and informed her it was only Mrs. Wilson ringing for her maid, but she feared by the violence of it she was in an ill humour, as that was generally a symptom. In about a quarter of an hour Maria left us to inform her who was below, lest she should make her appearance in an unbecoming dress. She soon entered the room, ushering in Mrs. Wilson, who received us with a coldness bordering on rudeness. She sat down, declaring she was too ill to see company. We entered into chat with Maria, whilst she sat surveying Mrs. Ambrose from head to foot, with nice inspection—'A very good house you seem to have here, madam,' said Mrs. Ambrose.—'Yes, the house is very well, but I am too ill to enjoy it; my health is very bad at all times, but I think this air makes it worse; it is too sharp.'—'I hope not,' said I, 'I think you look remarkably well; and the lappet under your chin is vastly becoming: do not you think, Maria, Mrs. Wilson's lappet is a great advantage to her face?'—'Yes, miss,' replied she, (reddening) 'I dare say you like it;

you think it makes me look older.' 'She is a saucy girl,' said Mrs. Ambrose, 'but she will be old herself if she lives long enough; and then we shall be revenged, though we shall not know it.' 'I do not know, madam, what your age may be,' replied Mrs. Wilson, 'but for my own part—' Mrs. Ambrose shook her head; 'Ah! madam, we will not talk of it—Apropos—I think I recollect meeting you, madam, at an assembly at Worcester—Let me see, it must be thirty years ago. I believe you danced with a Mr. Crosby. He was then a gay, agreeable bachelor, but, poor man! he was unfortunate in his marriage, and has been dead many years.'

'I cannot say I recollect ever being at an assembly at Worcester, though there was one when I was quite a girl; and this Mr. Crosby was a lover of mine; but he was so many years older than I was that my father did not approve of the match.'

Mr. Wilson now arrived—he seemed much pleased to see us; and saluted me, unawares I believe, for I saw him glance at his wife, who did not look very well pleased: he behaved with great civility to Mrs. Ambrose, inquired for the colonel, and hoped she would honour him with her company to dinner. Mrs. Wilson here interrupted him—'Why, Mr. Wilson, I should certainly have made the same request, if I was tolerably well; but really my nerves are so bad, every little thing flurries me. Nothing so bad to me as strange company, especially when unexpected.'—'Why, my dear,' said Mr. Wilson, 'I do not look on the present company in that light. Miss Harriet, I am sure, is no stranger, and as to this lady, we are so well acquainted with her character by the miss Vernons, that, for my own part, I have much wished the honour of her acquaintance.'

'I doubt not,' said she, 'but it would be very agreeable, and if I was well I should wish it too; but as it is I must decline visitings. If the lady will dine, I hope she will excuse my accompanying her. I shall dine in my chamber to-day, for my head is so bad I cannot bear talking.'—'By no means, madam,' said Mrs. Ambrose; 'we did not come with an intention to dine, unless we had found it quite convenient.' So saying, she arose to take leave. Poor Mr. Wilson was greatly mortified, and ashamed of his wife's behaviour. He urged us to prolong our visit, and have some refreshment, but we declined it, and left the house. Mr. Wilson attended us to the carriage, and apologized in the best manner he could for Mrs. Wilson's rudeness, on the score of ill health. He said he was sure when she came to reflect on it, it would give her great concern; and that at some other time nothing would be more desirable than Mrs. Ambrose's acquaintance. Mrs. Ambrose felt for the poor man's embarrassment, and, with her natural urbanity, replied in the most friendly and cheerful manner, inviting him with much cordiality to visit the colonel at Windsor: and so ended our visit, which, by the opportunity it gave me of seeing Maria, was a very agreeable one. She looks, and is, vastly well, and I am at present one of the happiest girls in England.

As we were returning, Mrs. Ambrose expressed a wish that not a little surprised me; and at the

instant I felt much reluctance to comply with it. She said that as the journey from and to Windsor was too much for the horses, she would hire a carriage in London, and whilst it was preparing we would, if I had no objection, call at my brother's in Lombard-street, and endeavour to see his wife. I acquiesced, though, as I before observed, not without some degree of reluctance.

Upon our arrival the door was opened by a sly dirty-looking boy, who said his master was from home, but his mistress might be spoken with. We alighted, and after siting a few minutes in the parlour, the lady entered. The moment she saw Mrs. Ambrose she turned pale as death, and sunk into a chair, almost ready to faint. Mrs. Ambrose exclaimed, 'Good Heavens! Jenny, who could have a thought of seeing you?' I was surprised, and took my salts from my pocket, and presented them to the poor women. She recovered herself, and addressing Mrs. Ambrose nearly as follows, added to my surprise, and much engaged my attention.

'You must, madam, well recollect the sentence of transportation which was inflicted upon me in consequence of dishonesty in your service. I continued seven years under the sentence, and then, enabled to do so from the generosity of a gentleman, returned to England. I was hired as a servant in a public-house in the city, where was held a club of gentlemen; amongst the rest was one of the name of Dixon, a lawyer, who, taking a fancy to me, took me into keeping. After bringing him two children he basely deserted me, and I and my little ones were nearly perishing with want. On representing to him our situation, he told me that it was in my power to make my own and their fortunes, if I would fall in with a plan he would lay down; which was to impose myself on a rich acquaintance of his as a widow, just arrived from the West-Indies, and possessed of much property there; that if he could be thus imposed upon, the discovery after marriage would be of no consequence, as the law would oblige him to maintain me, and I might, by using art and contrivance, cheat him of small sums toward the maintenance of the children. I agreed to this proposal, and Dixon managed things so well, that Mr. Vernon was indeed deceived, and I was married a week before he discovered the deception. I cannot describe the anger he expressed; it was what I might expect, and indeed deserved. He threatens every day to turn me out of doors, and keeps me so bare of money that I have it not in my power to assist my children, otherwise than by sometimes sending them some provisions; but Dixon put them to live with an old woman in the neighbourhood, on condition I would receive his visits as usual when Mr. Vernon goes from home, which he does a great deal. Indeed, madam, I do not like this way of life; but what can I do? I cannot tell my husband, and yet if he should find it out it may be worse for me.'

The woman now burst into a flood of tears. I could not but feel compassion for her situation, which necessity now, more than innate depravity, seemed to have occasioned. Mrs. Ambrose told her she was shocked at her account, and in the most serious manner asked her if she really would wish

to lead an honest life. To this she answered in the affirmative.—Then, continued Mrs. Ambrose, I will endeavour to form some plan to effect so desirable a purpose. She then recommended to her the utmost secrecy in her affair; to see Dixon as little as possible; and that she should soon hear further from her. The woman thanked her with great appearance of gratitude, and we left the house.

We returned to Windsor, and related all we had seen and heard to the colonel. He said a scheme immediately struck him, and added with a smile, the merit and contrivance shall be all my own. I shall lose no time in the execution, and doubt not but I can manage this matter so as to please all parties. We told him we had not the least doubt but he would, and could, with the greatest satisfaction, yield him up the merit, the contrivance, and the management of the whole affair.

This subject had taken so much of the colonel's attention that our visit to Maria was almost forgotten. He, however, inquired for her, and was much pleased to hear she talked of spending a week at Windsor.—Mrs. Ambrose observed (archly) that perhaps he might be engaged the week she was to favour us.—This was the first hint which had ever passed in my presence that glanced on the grand subject. 'Perhaps,' retorted the colonel, 'you suspect your brother is concerned to hear miss Vernon is engaged to be married to a worthy handsome young man, with a large fortune.'

'And suppose I did suspect such a thing?'—

'Why then,' replied he, 'I would lay my hand on my heart, and say you were mistaken.'

The tears came into my eyes, the action and manner of this amiable man was peculiarly affecting. I could not help saying to myself, Would to Heaven Maria could reward such generosity. He saw my emotion.—'Let us not,' said he, 'be grave on a joyful subject. Mr. Wentworth is worthy of such a wife as your sister, and there is every prospect of happiness for them both. If I could not rejoice in their prospects, I should not in my own person deserve happiness.'

'I could not help saying, (the tears flowing from my eyes)—Oh, Sir! where is your equal?'

'You rate my sentiments too high,' said he, 'I hope they are not uncommon.'—

'But they are romantic,' interrupted Mrs. Ambrose: 'would you make me believe you had rather see miss Vernon bestow her hand on another than on yourself?'

'Hold, sister, you place the matter in another point of view. When I sincerely rejoice in miss Vernon's happy prospects, I do not say that I should not have been happier had she preferred my hand to that of another, or that I feel no regret at her so doing, but I can truly say, (and that without being romantic) that the prospect of seeing her happy, even as the wife of another, is the source of high satisfaction to me. Were I only five-and-twenty, perhaps I could not adopt such a sentiment, but the romantic age is over with me.'

'I am glad of it,' said Mrs. Ambrose, 'for now I hope you will not die an old bachelor; and as your mistress is inevitably lost, you will select some other more suitable to your age. Of all descriptions of men I think I most dislike an old bachelor.—I really

lose my charity when I think of them. What say you, Harriet? But I never knew a young woman who did not dislike them.'

I said I was not a judge, but to see the colonel married happily would afford me the greatest pleasure.

'I thank you,' said he; 'but why, sister, this inveteracy of yours against the respectable body of which I am a member? Is a man obliged to marry, or be branded with your disapprobation, whilst your sex are at liberty to do as they please in so important a matter with impunity?'

'The case is widely different,' replied Mrs. Ambrose, 'where the liberty of choosing is enjoyed by one party, and that of refusing only by the other. But in my old-bachelor list I make a distinction between what I term a voluntary one, and a compulsatory one. A man may be refused by the only woman in the world he could love. In this case I think it his duty to endeavour, at least, to conquer his passion, and fix on another object. I will not pretend to say this can always be done, but I think in general it may. A man may, from circumstances in life, find it impossible to marry with a prospect of comfort from a deficiency in fortune, and may be too generous to make interest his prime consideration. In this case he is to be pitied, not condemned; and I strike him off my list of old bachelors: I could bring many instances of compulsatory bachelors, to say nothing of those whose persons and manners are so disagreeable as to meet with refusal from every woman they address, though these instances are rare, I believe: but when a man of fortune devotes himself to a single life, and takes a pride in the insensibility of his heart, ever a stranger to love, this is the old bachelor I despise.'

'I will answer for it,' said the colonel, 'you will find them far rarer than any others. I could almost pronounce it impossible for a man to attain the age of thirty without having seen a woman he could like for a wife, would circumstances allow. You smile, and look as though I were myself an instance; but I can assure you, that long before I attained that age, I sighed for a lovely girl who died at twenty-three. Had I not went abroad, I doubt not I should again have fallen in love, perhaps with success, and should not at this age been seeking what I fear I shall never find, a suitable partner for the remainder of my life.'

He sighed as he spoke the last sentence. I was sorry Mrs. Ambrose had pursued the subject so long, and observing it grew near dressing-time, I proposed to retire.

'With all my heart,' said she. 'Brother, you have supported your argument in favour of bachelors very well; and if as you say there are no voluntary ones, the poor creatures have my pity.'

What a long letter have I written; only that I know you like particulars, or I should fear being tedious. You accuse me in your last of a deficiency of that vivacity which used, as you express it, to abound in my epistles; but although I am sensible of a considerable alteration in my spirits, I do not regret it; for I have only exchanged a giddy volatile temper for a cheerful and contented one. Indeed, Susan, I am never too grave; ungrateful must I be to the best of friends, and insensible to my present happiness, did I in-

dulge melancholy. But the experience my late adventure has taught me, added to my dependent situation, cannot fail to check my former thoughtlessness.

But why do I talk of dependence? Where dependence is not felt, it does not exist. It is gratitude alone that excites a pain at my heart, from the inability of recompensing such friendship. I can no other way account for my feelings sometimes. Mrs. Ambrose is, if I may so express it, habitually cheerful; her spirits are extremely even; she has a fund of entertainment in her conversation and temper, though hasty and warm, good and benevolent. A good understanding, added to a fine education, and a competent knowledge of the world, conspire to make her as perfect a character as can be found in female life.—Think then, if I can be unhappy in the society of such a woman, who is fond of me to excess.

We are visited by many ladies in the neighbourhood, but they are fond of dress and parade, which Mrs. Ambrose hates; so that our visits are few, though our visitors are numerous; but they are of another description. Mrs. Ambrose has selected six or seven families of the industrious poor, who come at a certain hour in rotation, to receive the offals of the kitchen, which she portions out herself, according to the number of their families.

She also provides some clothing for children or old people, and makes it in the house, herself bearing a part, so that her time is fully occupied, and to the best of purposes—doing good.

Dorcas is well, and as happy as myself. She says that if she can but live to see Maria and me well married she shall be quite contented. I have informed her of the likelihood of Maria's being so; but she is determined not to think of it after such disappointment as we have both met with. For my own part, nothing is farther from my thoughts than matrimony; and to be in love again is impossible.

Adieu! my dear; believe me to be your ever affectionate friend,

Harriet Vernon.

P. S. My very best respects wait on your good mother.

LETTER LVI.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

Hampstead.

I am just returned, my dear madam, from visiting my worthy friends at Windsor, and as you requested me to write on my return, I take up my pen with the alacrity I always feel when addressing you.

I found Mrs. Ambrose in excellent health and spirits, and the colonel every thing I could wish him: I was a little embarrassed on my first introduction, but a very few hours restored me to ease: he behaved with his accustomed politeness, but made no distinction in his address to me, and I believe regards me with a friendship no warmer than what he entertains for my sister. Whatever happiness I shall experience if I am united to Mr. Wentworth, did I think this worthy man regretted the union, that happiness would be greatly diminished. But I am convinced, from his behaviour, he does not; and this thought, added to my charming prospects, cannot fail of making me easy and contented.

Harriet was in extasy the whole week I was at Windsor, as was

Dorcas, who I thought would have squeezed my hand to nothing: the worthy soul distressed me by her expressions of joy and kindness.

What think you, my dear madam, of my brother's strange marriage? I, for my own part, can scarcely think he could be so taken in. But this Dixon is a most artful man, and I suppose he owed my brother a grudge from the former occasion of my affair with the colonel. It is impossible for me to pity him, nor do I regret the connexion but on Harriet's account; for if I am united to Mr. Wentworth I shall not need assistance from a brother who is a disgrace to the name; and should Providence order it otherwise, I shall then be even far from regretting a dependence so wretched. I am now in daily expectation of hearing from India. There are many ships arrived, and more expected. Mr. Wilson is so obliging as to make inquiry for letters every day: Mrs. Wilson would fain persuade me that I shall see Mr. Wentworth instead of a letter; but I do not think that probable. I suppose his letter will be intrusted to the care of Mr. Johnson, for he does not know where to direct.

I must not forget to inform you that Mr. Wilson, on our removal from B. Hall, wrote to that gentleman to make inquiries of his health, as well as to inform him of it. He answered the letter, and, I have the pleasure to say, is perfectly recovered. What obligations is not Harriet and all her friends under to this excellent man! I dare say he is much in Mr. Wentworth's confidence; and I can now account for the very particular inquiries he made of me relative to my intended marriage with the colonel. I recollect being much embarrassed at the time; but had I known the true reason I should have been more so.

I wish I could give an amended account of Mrs. Wilson's health and temper, but I am sorry to say they are both as bad as usual, notwithstanding the purity of the air, and the change of place. We have received some visits from the neighbours, but she has discovered what I could have informed her long since—that neither her health or spirits agree with visiting. Opposite to us is a very handsome house unoccupied. A gentleman and lady, Mrs. Wilson has just informed me, have alighted from a chariot, and gone to see it. This trivial circumstance has engaged her attention, and excited her curiosity; and she amuses herself with sitting at the window to watch their return from the house. If a good temper is the greatest blessing, a vacant mind is the greatest misfortune. Unable to amuse herself by reading, working, or thinking, I might even add conversation, she is obliged to have recourse to the most trifling incidents. They are gone, she says, and orders me to lay down my pen, that we may go over, and make inquiries who they are of the people who show the house. It is in vain to attempt arguing her out of her curiosity, and as I shall be too late on my return to dispatch this by to-day's post, I conclude myself,

Dear madam,

Your ever obliged,

M. Vernon.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

'Should the following reflections be deemed worthy of insertion in your Ladies Magazine, I shall trouble you at some future opportunities with more of my lucubrations.'

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Neos.

On the EFFECT of ANCIENT RUINS on the MIND.

HAVING been to view the remains of an ancient Romish chapel which stood at a little distance from the Town of B——, on my return home I fell into the following train of reflections on the effect the sight of antique ruins has on the mind. And I cannot help thinking with Dr. Aikin 'that the extraordinary passion for ruins of every kind has in it a great deal of the rage of a predominant fashion, and often goes beyond the bounds of sober judgment;' but at the same time to a mind that can connect the idea of the present state of a desolated castle or church with that of what they once were, it affords a secret and delightful, though humiliating pleasure.

—— 'There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wakening call to health and ease,
How musical! when all-devouring Time
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweetly thy diapason, Melancholy!

Dyer, *Ruins of Rome.*

But that the meditation of these objects may be advantageous it is necessary that the relicts should refer to something really interesting. The view of the remains of a castle improve by the recollection of the use they were made of in times of civil discord: we see the place where petty tyrants have lorded it over their vassals; we see the remains of gloomy dungeons where horrid deeds have been perpetrated; we think of the stern tyranny, brutal ignorance, and gross licentiousness, which stained the times of feudal anarchy. The sight of the ruins of a monastery bring to our minds the idea of the 'roofless choir and mouldering cloister' which once echoed with, and were vocal to, pious hymns; or formed sacred retirements for contemplation; we call to mind the history and chequered fortunes of its inhabitants, the different causes of their shutting themselves out from the converse of the world; we consider them as a set of beings engaged in a dull round of indolent pleasures and superstitious practices, alike debasing to the heart and understanding. We find pleasure, and are rejoiced that the date is past; and the only inducement we have to recall them from the oblivion into which they are deservedly sunk, is that we may have cause of thankfulness that these times of idolatry and superstition are no more; that we live in a more enlightened age, and are free to exercise that liberty of conscience which the salutary laws of our country allow us, and which is the natural right and patrimony of

mankind. We are humbled at the proof these ruined edifices gives us of the mutability of all human affairs: we are convinced that time, the destroyer of mortal works, regards neither the beauty nor strength of a building, the costliness of its materials, nor the intent of its erection. 'But there are some who look over all sentimental effects of ruins as trifling, when compared with their importance as historical records,' although the information derived from them is quite conjectural, and they add but little, if any, authenticity to the history of events; while at the same time there are others who account every thing valuable that is ancient, and consider its antiquity as a sufficient reason for its being worthy of preservation; so that it is (concluding in the words of Dr. Aikin) 'no wonder, then, that the barbarous hand is execrated which levels with the dust the fair remnants of a cultivated age; but, in return, the farmer should be allowed an equal attention to the improvement of his land, and not be treated as a barbarian if he undistinguishably levels both *vallum* and *fossa* with his plough.'

NEOS.

B—— Feb. 12, 1808.

MOORAD, OR FILIAL PIETY.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 76.]

CHAP. II.

THE vessel in which Moorad had embarked, having a strong and favourable wind, proceeded rapidly on her voyage. The captain, either from mistaking the land he had last seen, or from a very material error in his reckoning, had kept the vessel so much to the northward, that on the third day after her departure she suffered shipwreck on the projecting shores of Arabia Felix. The ill-fated crew were doomed to experience that horror, and those dismal scenes, which too often accompany so melancholy an event.

The vessel struck on the rocks very early in the morning, and almost instantaneously became a complete wreck. Moorad, with the rest of the unfortunate people, were instantly precipitated into the waves, and each seizing any thing that floated called on his companions for that assistance which, in so awful a moment, they vainly hoped to procure. The mind, contemplating a scene of this nature, is incompetent to reach that dread and agony which pervades the sufferers. The yawning waves—the dreadful abyss which appears on the recession of the waters—the chasms in the rocks—the roaring of the winds—the horrid appearance of an approaching wave—the cries of distressed companions—the cracking of the vessel—and apparent inevitable death, are circumstances which appal the mind, and destroy those functions which contemplation is sometimes induced to conclude will arm it with additional force.

It pleased the Almighty to preserve Moorad, and three of the crew, on that occasion. But the wounds they had received, rendered them incapable of moving from the shore. In this state they remained two days. Nature being

exhausted, they were upon the point of expiring, when some natives (allured to the spot by some pieces of the wreck) afforded them the requisite assistance.

How different is the conduct of the human species on this melancholy occasion! Many, though in the first state of civilization, will rush with precipitancy to the seizure of the spoil, and in the struggle neglect that great principle of nature, the preservation of their fellow-creatures; and nothing, in fact, is more foreign to their breasts than the appropriating such spoils to the comfort or convenience of the shipwrecked mariner. While others, with a much inferior understanding, and in a far less civilized state, will carry the principle of benevolence to that degree which is worthy of the rational creature man.

It was on the coast of Senaa, a southern kingdom of Arabia, where the vessel was wrecked. The inhabitants testified their concern and tenderness toward Moorad and his mournful companions by every attention their condition would admit; and also exercised such acts of benevolence as effectually evinced their sympathy and regret. Indeed, where a real sympathy and goodness of heart exists it is in a great measure immaterial in what words, or in what manner it is evinced; the effect it will have, though perhaps not so immediate, is the same.

Moorad and his companions, willing to avail themselves of the first moment they were capable of travelling, communicated their intention of proceeding to the capital, there to solicit relief from the government. They were immediately furnished with the necessary conveyance, and set out to traverse a country, in the extremity of which they met with so just a presage of future friendship and humanity.

After a tedious and incommodious journey, their progress was arrested on the second day by an accident befalling one of their camels, which compelled them to solicit relief from a neighbouring dwelling. Moorad on entering discovered an elderly man, three women, and several children, each approaching near to maturity. The physiognomy of the former indicated contentment, and cheerfulness appeared to reign throughout the family. The principal, whose name was Achmet, after a reciprocal exchange of the accustomed salutations, requested Moorad to explain the object of his visit, adding, that if it were within the compass of his ability to execute, it should be granted. The latter, by a superficial knowledge of the Arabic, contrived to make his misfortunes understood, and to impress on the former the high sense he entertained of his courtesy. 'Stranger!' said Achmet, 'deeply as I regret your misfortunes, I cannot but rejoice that Providence has directed your steps to my door, where, I trust, you will not only meet with due hospitality, and an ample satisfaction on the occasion of your visit, but that you will also experience so just an appreciation of the fundamental laws of mankind, as will prove a powerful inducement to prolong your stay. We all compassionate your sufferings, and doubt not by our assiduous endeavours to console you under your afflictions, thus meriting both your good opinion and the approbation of ourselves.' So just a reception, and so kind a heart,

imparted to Moorad the most lively joy. The expressions he uttered were commensurate with the ebullitions of his gratitude.

Allured by the philanthropy of these worthy and excellent people, a week elapsed before Moorad had even reflected on his original intention of proceeding to the capital, but he then resolved to adopt immediate measures, and fix a final day for departing. The family heard his resolution with sorrow, but declined urging any entreaty to prevail on him to remain, conscious that 'to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest is the truest exercise of the laws of friendship.'

Every facility and information was given to Moorad on his departure; and, accompanied by their benedictions, he quitted the hospitable habitation, overcome with sensations of the most tender and affecting nature.

Moorad in his journey toward the capital passed a pilgrim on his progress to Mecca, which produced reflections on the principle of pilgrimage. Whoever, in fact, reflects on that principle, cannot but accord his approbation. What is it? Does it not spring from a wounded mind, hastening to the spot where the sufferer assures himself of certain relief, a relief which he is unable to procure in any other spot, or under any other circumstances? Every distress and difficulty he encounters is a consolation to his mind; and every day of his journey produces some alleviation of his misery.

CHAP. III.

Mahomed had an only son named Segistan, (who was rather the junior of Hosain) to whose education, together with the children of his friend, he devoted every hour his avocations would admit, and was amply repaid by the docility with which his instructions were received, and the rapid improvement evinced in the minds of his charge.

What grateful reflection! What intellectual satisfaction is enjoyed by those parents who bestow an early care on the minds of their offspring! A due attention to which will mould them to receive and retain the sublime precepts of piety and virtue. The neglect of this vital foundation to future worth is a vice of the blackest cast, for which the parents merit a double punishment: they are not only guilty of vice themselves, but their neglect is the occasion of that which will inevitably appear in their issue.

How often do we observe parents committing this essential trust to beings of much inferior capacity, and wholly uninterested in their childrens' fate; while they are devoting their time and attention to that which is falsely denominated pleasure. Pleasure! where is the pleasure equal to witnessing the expansion of our childrens' minds, and the consciousness of its being the result of our own labour and duty; or, equal to the mental gratification derived from the many infantine traits, which are the preludes of future magnanimity, and virtuous superiority.

The incentives of nature alone are a most powerful inducement to execute the grateful task, independent of the pleasing prospect of transcendency, (that certain reward of their labours) and of the commanding precepts of Holy Writ.

To Mahomed (although surrounded by the tumult of civil warfare,) the years glided away almost imperceptibly. Each succeeding day produced some new recompense for his endeavours, and the reflections on the perspective crowned his labours with hope and cheerfulness.

With unbounded joy he beheld the growing friendship and fraternal affection between Segistan and Hosain. To equality of years and similarity of disposition (those absolute requisites to unite two hearts in the firm and lasting bonds of friendship), they added a mutual indulgence of each other's inclinations; an ingredient which tends to rivet the golden chain.

Mahomed fixed on the period of Hosain's attaining the age of twenty years to communicate the foregoing circumstances relative to his father. The latter, alive to every incident which had any affinity to his family, had collected many particulars by chance, and many that had inadvertently fallen from Mahomed. These he treasured in his memory, and made them the subject of many a mournful conversation with his friend.

These conversations were productive of various resolutions, which, however, vanished on the appearance of Mahomed. He at length approached him, entreated his attention, and addressed him in the following words:

'Dearest, best of fathers! with what grateful sensations do I acknowledge your tenderness and solicitude for my welfare and improvement. To those divine instructions which you have instilled into my mind, I am indebted for the cause of my present anxiety. You have taught me, sir, to feel the benign influence of filial piety in its fullest extent, and have nurtured those sentiments which nature had planted in my breast. I beseech you to relieve me from that perplexity which incessantly tortures my mind, by informing me of the fate of my parents.'

'Hosain,' replied Mahomed, 'it was my intention to have communicated to you every circumstance in the twentieth year of your age. I rejoice, however, in this spontaneous flow of filial love, which is the surest test of a cultivated understanding, and of a heart endowed with the genuine feelings of nature. It affords me the delightful recompense of succeeding in my endeavours, and of fulfilling the promise I made to your excellent father. All the information I can possibly impart on the subject of his fate will afford but a degree of satisfaction very inadequate to allay your ardent expectation: and I am fearful it will only destroy that peace and happiness which has hitherto reigned in your breast.

'At a very early period of her life,' continued Mahomed, 'we were deprived of your excellent mother, a circumstance that had nearly proved fatal to her beloved husband. Time, however, and the sympathizing tenderness evinced by his friends, materially assuaged the afflicting impression, and removed our apprehensions of any dreadful effect.

'The troubles this unfortunate kingdom was doomed to experience on the demise of our sovereign Nadir Shah, induced your father's friends to avail themselves of so fortunate an opportunity for the employment of his mind, (in order to arouse him from that languor

which invariably seized him when alone) by prevailing on him to enter vigorously into the cause, and exert that zeal and love he ever entertained for his country.—It fortunately happened that our recommendations were seconded by a person of considerable eminence. This personage was induced, by the rectitude and riches of your father, to solicit his assistance on the behalf of one of the competitors.

'Oh, Hosain! What a noble example! What a source of grateful exultation had it been to you to have witnessed your great father acting the part of a patriot!—His alacrity in quelling the frequent disturbances in the city—his incessant toils in promoting the interests of his friends, were only equalled by that philanthropy which he displayed in every act that gave occasion for the exertion of it.—His steps were ever directed to the habitations of the unfortunate. He soothed their afflictions, and administered effectual relief to the miserable and wretched victims of tyranny and oppression.

'Oh, dearest, best of friends! my worthy and respected Moorad!—forgive me, if I am incapable of impressing this excellent and virtuous counterpart of thyself, with a true sense of those virtues which beamed in every act of your life, and were conspicuous in every sentiment you uttered.

'In such laudable pursuits, my dear Hosain, did your father employ his time, when fate afflicted him with a severe and dreadful misfortune, a misfortune inflicted by the blackest of all human crimes, ingratitude!—Where, ye renowned legislators!—ye subtle casuists! is the punishment to be found adequate to the enormity of this heinous offence?—Is it in the power of man to inflict it? or, must it be reserved for that awful day, when we shall all appear before the tribunal of the Most High!

'The misfortune I speak of, was occasioned by the infamy of a domestic, whose parents and himself your father had rescued from impending destruction, and nourished like a viper in his bosom, to contribute to his own downfall. He was apprehensive that his riches would be seized by his crafty and cruel enemies, and was therefore desirous of placing them in the best possible security. With the aid of this domestic he contrived to conceal them at a short distance from the city. The hope of sharing in the booty prevailed with this false servant over every sense of justice and gratitude, and induced him to reveal the secret to the enemies of his benefactor.

'We have all had but too much experience of the direful effects of civil warfare. Bloodshed and devastation invade the peace and happiness of a contented and industrious people. The felicity of whole families is destroyed, and the hitherto innocent and virtuous son is impelled to draw the sword, and not unfrequently become a paricide, or fratricide. The insolent and audacious demagogue assumes an almost regal authority, and supports that authority by the most unnatural and infamous language; tending not only to pervert the reason of man, but to introduce in its stead a false and erring philosophy, which sows the seeds of impiety, anarchy, and misery. Nothing but horror and dismay are visible in the countenances of the unfortunate and deluded people, who, fearful of a

proscription that may annihilate both themselves, and objects the most dear to them, dare not even assert their right to the common benefactions of nature. By espousing the cause of either party the vengeance of the other is incurred; and inevitable destruction awaits those who stand neuter.—Such, Hosain, are some of the fell consequences of which civil war is productive. Your father, as I was observing, was so sensible of such practices, that he judged it the most prudent measure to withdraw himself until peace was restored to his unhappy country.'

[*To be continued.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SHOULD be very glad to be informed why those females who endeavour to improve their minds by reading, and take some little care to qualify themselves for companions to men of sense, should by those means become the objects of ridicule.

That coxcombs and blockheads should sneer is easily accounted for; having themselves no relish for the charms of literature, they endeavour to discourage all taste for it in us, lest we should become wise enough to treat them with the contempt which their ignorance deserves.

But these sneers are not merely from fools: all the lords of the creation seem unanimous in thinking a learned wife a much worse plague than a foolish one.

Having myself had an early taste for reading, in which I was encouraged by an indulgent father, who directed my studies to the best authors in our own language, I soon preferred history and poetry to novels and romances, and had more inclination to read than to play cards. In company with men of sense I listened to their conversation, and even when that turned on subjects, in which, from my age and sex, it did not become me to join, yet I found more pleasure in attending to them, than in prating with the ladies about fashions.

From all this I am suspected of an affectation of being learned, and am equally sneered at by my own sex and the men; not that I deserve the title of a female pedant: I never attempted to dive into those abstruse parts of learning which seem peculiarly designed for men, nor did I ever neglect one article which could be useful to a female: books and writing did not employ more of my time than work and drawing; yet I am reduced to the alternative of either parting with my library, throwing by my pen, and joining in the fashionable dissipation of routs, &c. or for ever relinquishing all thoughts of matrimony.

The gentlemen are very liberal in bestowing the epithets of triflers and silly women on those who have a mere female education; but if any of us have resolution enough to soar beyond those narrow limits, and dare to read any thing of more importance than a play or a novel, we are called critics, wits, female pedants, &c. If we write a letter, it is merely to show our wit; all we say is construed into an affectation of learning; and when once the cry is

raised we are more shunned than if a slur had been cast on our reputation.

As I have always esteemed the understanding and judgment of the men (from the advantage of education) to be superior to those of my own sex, I am puzzled to account for this their opinion, which to me appears an inconsistency, as I cannot suppose men of sense can envy us, or fear that we should rival them in genius. Whence then can it arise, and what limits would you prescribe to us? To know this would greatly contribute to the instruction of females in general, and be particularly gratifying to,

Yours, &c.

ELVIRA.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[*Continued from p.* 32.]

THUS time rolled heavily on over the hapless head of Matilda; no tidings could she hear of her much loved brother—how he supported the death of his valued friend, nor whether he still lived under the lowly roof of the pious old divine. She spent many hours accompanied only by her darling daughter.

One day she had just returned from visiting him, when she was informed that the old friar was very ill, and wished to see her. With difficulty she conquered her aversion for this monster in iniquity, sufficiently to see him; but considering that he was far advanced in years, and it might be his last request, she went to his chamber, where lay extended on his bed, writhing in the agonies of death, this huge mass of wickedness.—The big drops of contrition rolled down his anguished countenance: he endeavoured to speak, but convulsive spasms prevented all utterance. His sins, wretched man! required a double expiation; for under a religious garb he had perpetrated the most infamous deeds human nature could be guilty of. He had long laboured under a complication of diseases, which had now nearly brought him to his final dissolution. The presence of one whom he had so much wronged, at such a crisis, as might be supposed, much disconcerted him. Her looks, he thought, conveyed a merited reproof. Had he known her heart, he would have found how freely she forgave and pitied him. It was evident something which he wished to reveal pressed heavily on his bosom. Anxious to hear some elucidation of the dark mystery which enshrouded Burns' death, in soothing accents she began so heart-rending a subject, considering how much it might alleviate the pangs he endured, to unburthen his sins. Each moment of returning reason increased the horrors of his situation, he dared not hope for mercy.—'Oh, madam!' he exclaimed, 'forgive a guilty fellow-creature, driven to destruction by his crimes, which prey so heavily on his mind. Speak comfort to one who has cost you many uneasy hours. It was I who, in conjunction with your lord and master, planned the vile scheme of secreting you in this dreary habitation. Through my instigation he has behaved so unkindly. I first insinuated myself into his entire

confidence, then watched your every look, heard your secret sighs, your prayers for the safety of Burns, and informed him all I knew. I intercepted all your letters, and substituted those my malicious disposition suggested: I have acted besides as procurer to his lordship. Just before you came, a most beautiful young girl fell a victim to his arts of seduction, under pretence of a private marriage. When she became acquainted with his baseness, grief soon overpowered her: she sunk into an early grave without her cruel betrayer's shedding one tear of remorse. But not till she accidentally caught a glance of you could I convince her that he was really married. It was superior force of mine only which prevented her from throwing herself at your feet. I hurried her back to her prison frantic as she was. She did not long survive such a heart-rending circumstance. Poor girl! I think she was the prettiest little creature the sun ever shone on, when first she came young and innocent to her cruel deceiver.'

The countess, shocked beyond measure, yet anxious to hear more of Burns, said, 'I require, wretched man! no further proofs of your guilt; but acquaint me with all you know of the death of the ill-fated Burns.'

'My dearest lady,' he, with some difficulty, replied, 'he is not the first I have brought to an untimely end to favour the designs of my lord. Now their injured spirits haunt me sleeping and waking. I can never rest more. I have no time allowed me to rest in this world; and to another, how can I look forward? Last night I lay in an agonized reverie, sleep it could not be termed. Methought I was in the dark receptacle of the wicked, and the injured spirits of many howled horribly in mine ears. By the king of darkness I was consigned to eternal torments, in the mansions of the damned. I soon started from that horrid dream, but awoke to no better prospects. How are my sins to be expiated, they are of so black a hue! The last young man, in a manner, softened my callous heart, so gentle, so generous was he. In his last moments he prayed for compassion on his murderers. Ah! that day I never can forget! I feigned illness when he visited you on purpose to catch you by surprise. I saw how deeply you was affected, informed my lord of every particular, exaggerating every incident which I thought would increase his malice. He was exasperated even to madness. I was elated with the success of my baseness—poor satisfaction!—He desired me to search my inventive brain for some plausible story to bring him to the castle again. This I knew was easily accomplished. I sent him a pathetic letter in your name, exactly counterfeiting your hand-writing; saying that you had, after mature deliberation, brought yourself to a determination to elope with him to France, or any part of the globe he could propose as a place of security. I well knew his whole soul was wrapped up in your existence. Oh, the depravity of human nature! the instability of all earthly good! the wickedness of my heart, to take away such a life while yet in the bloom, and suffer such an old withered wretch as myself to survive him — to continue his course, which could be but short, though too long for the good of society!' In this incoherent manner he continued to talk, betraying

such truths as overwhelmed the feelings of the countess with the bitterest sensations. Yet she begged him to continue, which he did as well as his agonies would permit him.

'Lord Holden said he was pleased with my ready genius in planning the death of his rival. He presented me with a very handsome reward as we repaired to the scene of murder, where we concealed ourselves till the unfortunate victim of our malice came in our way. It was not long ere he appeared, pacing the road in a deep reverie. Who can paint the disappointment evinced in his features on seeing your lord where he anxiously expected to have met you, to have accompanied him to the most distant part of the world, where, unmolested, you might have enjoyed each other's society! Lord Holden's whole countenance underwent such a change that every feature was distorted by rage. The thick shades resounded with his horrid imprecations; a death-like paleness sat on his face; his eyes were ready to start from their sockets. Burns knew he could expect no mercy at his hands, and was careless of life without Matilda. He was now convinced their innocent interview had been misrepresented; for your lord, without assigning any reason, desired the young soldier (for so his dress proclaimed him) to draw and defend himself. 'These trees alone,' said he, 'shall be privy to our combat. You have dishonoured my noble house, and now I will have revenge.' Not in the least disconcerted, the youth cast his fine eyes to heaven, as if supplicating mercy, saying, 'Father of all goodness! who alone art privy to all our thoughts, words, and deeds, protect the suffering Matilda; if I fall it will be a charitable deed of her husband to release me from a load of misery which he has long obliged me to bear.' Thus saying, he undauntedly drew his glittering sword, and met his cruel adversary, who was foaming with rage, and aimed at Burns' head, but missed his first blow, which Burns taking advantage of gave him a stroke that cleft his helmet asunder and brought him to the ground. He was, however, only stunned. He quickly recovered, and, rising from the ground, rushed furiously forward: Burns, by his quick movements, avoided him, and would soon have wrested the sword from his vanquished hand, but I, seeing the perilous situation of my lord, darted from my place of ambush, made a deadly pass at him, which pierced his heart, when he fell to rise no more! Oh, Heaven! shall I ever forget his last words! What a disposition they breathed! —He groaned. This charitable prayer escaped his pallid lips: 'God's will be done.—Matilda! I die truly yours.—Heaven in due time bring you to that shore, where we shall no more feel the pangs of separation.—I forgive, most heartily, my murderers, and pray God to be merciful to them.' Lord Holden, fearing he would recover, said, 'hold your abominable prating,' ordering me instantly to dispatch him, which I did by plunging a dagger into his bosom. He instantly breathed his last, and is now happy; while I, miserable wretch! never have had a moment's peace since. What satisfaction does that man's reflection afford him who tramples on the laws of God and nature, following the impulses of a wicked dispo-

sition! He must be continually on the rack of torture—to look back is dreadful—but a futurity is eternal.'—

Here his head fell back on the pillow, and he became again convulsed. He spoke no more, but at midnight breathed his last in the bitterest agony.

The countess was almost distracted at the account of the cruel death of Burns. She had always suspected it, but this confirmation was such a proof of her husband's guilt that she could scarcely bear the sight of him. She kept her apartment to avoid seeing him, although he treated her with much greater kindness since the death of Burns.

Lord Holden was very unhappy after he had lost his old confidante, though much younger than himself. His death awakened sensations in his bosom which he had never experienced before. He could not fly from the stings of an evil conscience. Among unprincipled women and abandoned men he sought a resource since his virtuous wife, in the first moments of her detestation of such a wretch, refused him her company. He scarcely dared sleep at the castle; shuddering when he even passed the door where the old friar died. Even the gentle murmurs of the wind among the branches of the trees where Burns met his death seemed to convey reproof. He was alarmed at the most trifling noise. Sleep afforded no refreshment to his perturbed mind. Frequently he would start, and fly, as he imagined, from the injured spirit of Burns, which, he thought, sought revenge.

One very stormy night he went out very late: the countess wondered at such an unusual thing, but she dared not ask his motive, even had she he would not have answered her; still she felt more than common interest for his welfare. He had lately noticed her, and, as the father of her beloved child, she was sometimes half inclined to forgive him all his baseness; yet again how could she receive to her heart the murderer of the only person she ever thought worthy her love. While this revolved in her mind a dismal storm indeed came on. She felt more for her husband than she had done for years; even a stranger must have claimed some commiseration exposed to its pityless fury. The wind howled horribly through the perforated chasms of the battlements; the rain poured down in torrents; the thunder rolled almost incessantly, while the vivid lightning illumined the gloom which enveloped the earth in uncommon darkness. The clock in the eastern turret heavily tolled one; the western re-echoed the sound; but the flight of time brought no abatement to the fury of the storm. She shuddered, fearing the despondency of the earl might, if increased by the horrors of such a dreadful night, have induced him to lay violent hands on himself. What confirmed this idea was, that an unusual tremor crept through her veins; it was not fear, she had too much good sense to give encouragement to such an unworthy sensation, conscious it was no more than the natural convulsion of oppressed nature; yet, perhaps, there lives not a being who can witness such a contention of the elements without feeling a kind of reverential awe. Still a pious thought must occur, that that Being who rides in the whirlwind, and directs the stormy billows of the ocean, pos-

sesses goodness to protect, in the greatest dangers, equal to his power to destroy. So reflected the countess, endeavouring to calm the uneasiness of her bosom.

The storm at length somewhat abated, yet she could not sufficiently compose herself to retire to rest. She went to the window of her apartment: she saw the faint glimmering of the spent lightning in the eastern hemisphere. The thunder at intervals gently murmured in the sinking darkness, when suddenly she was alarmed at a confused noise of voices in the hall. She ran to the corridor, where she before had hastened on a melancholy occasion. There the first object which presented itself was her lord, pale, and apparently lifeless, drenched with rain, extended on a litter, and the blood flowing from wounds in several parts of his body. This dreadful spectacle overpowered all sense of his former cruelties; she thought but of his miserable situation: she flew to his assistance. The domestics, giving each other a significant look, answered not her anxious inquiries; one saying he had deserved this long ago: another, I am glad he is gone; with many disrespectful epithets, inhuman at such an afflicting period, notwithstanding the atrocity of his conduct,

[*To be continued.*]

Biographical Memoirs of Sir Will. Sidney Smith, Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

[Concluded from p. *56.]

WITH this order M. M. B—— and L—— came to the Temple, the former in the dress of an adjutant, and the latter as an officer. The keeper having perused the order, and attentively examined the minister's signature, went into another room, leaving the two deliverers for some time in the cruelest uncertainty and suspense. He returned, accompanied by the Registrar of the prison, and ordered Sir Sidney to be called. When the Registrar informed him of the order of the Directory *he* pretended to be very much concerned at it; but the adjutant assured him, in the most serious manner, that the government was very far from intending to aggravate his misfortunes, and that he would be very comfortable at the place to which he was ordered to conduct him. Sir Sidney expressed his gratitude to all the servants employed about the prison, and, as may be imagined, was not very long in packing up his clothes.

The Registrar observed that at least six men from the guard would be requisite; and the adjutant, without being at all confounded, acquiesced in the justice of the remark, and gave orders for them to be called out. *On reflection*, however, and remembering, as it were, the laws of chivalry and honour, he addressed himself to Sir Sidney, saying: 'Commodore, you are an officer, I am an officer also; your parole will be enough; give me that, and I have no need of an escort.'

'Sir,' replied Sir Sidney, 'if that is sufficient, I swear upon the faith of an officer to accompany *you* wherever you choose to conduct me.'

Every one applauded this noble behaviour, while Sir Sidney and his friends found considerable difficulty in maintaining a serious deportment.

The keeper now asked for a discharge, and gave the book to M. B——, who boldly signed it, with a proper flourish, *L'Oger, Adjutant-General;* Sir Sidney in the mean time employing the attention of the turnkeys, and gratifying them with presents to prevent them from having leisure for reflection. The Registrar and Keeper accompanied the party as far as the second court. At length the last gate was opened, and they were left alone after a long interchange of ceremony and politeness.

They instantly entered a hackney coach, and the *adjutant* ordered the coachman to drive to the suburb of St. Germain; but the fellow had not gone an hundred paces before he broke one of his wheels against a post, and hurt an unfortunate passenger. This unlucky accident brought a crowd around them, who were very angry at the injury the stranger had sustained. They quitted the coach, took their portmanteaus in their hands, and went off in an instant. Though the people observed the party much, they did not say a word to them, but only abused the coachman. When the latter demanded his fare, M. L—, through an inadvertency that might have caused them to be arrested, gave him a double Louis d'or.

Having parted when they quitted the carriage, Sir Sidney arrived at the appointed rendezvous, with only his secretary and M. de Phelipeaux, who had joined them near the prison; and M. de Phelipeaux having justly observed that there was not a moment to be lost, he postponed till another opportunity his expressions of gratitude to his deliverers, and immediately set off for Rouen, where M. R—— had made every preparation for their reception.

At Rouen Sir Sidney and his friend were obliged to stay several days; and as their passports were perfectly regular they did not take much care to conceal themselves; but in the evening walked about the town, or took the air on the banks of the Seine.

Every thing being ready for him to cross the Channel, Sir Sidney quitted Rouen, and without encountering any further danger arrived in London in May 1798, together with his clerk, and his friend M. de Phelipeaux, who could not be prevailed upon to separate. He was welcomed in England by the general congratulation of the people. His arrival was considered as a miracle which few who heard of it knew how to believe. His sovereign received him with the warmest affection, and afforded him every mark of attention, not only by his behaviour at his public presentation, but by honouring him with an immediate and private interview at Buckingham-house.

In the month of June following Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of the Tigre, one of the French ships captured by lord Bridport off Port l'Orient, in the action of the 23d of June 1795. In November he sailed for the Mediterranean, and received a distinct command as commodore on the coast of Egypt.

He soon after sailed for Constantinople, where he met with the most friendly reception from the Turks, to whom he had before recommended himself by his generous and gallant conduct. He was accompanied in this expedition by his friend colonel Phelipeaux, who would never leave him; and when

Bonaparte made his irruption into Syria from Egypt, and laid siege to St. John d'Acre Phelipeaux, by Sir Sidney's desire, repaired to Acre to assist Djezzar the pacha of that place in the defence of the city.

Colonel Phelipeaux, who was an engineer of very great merit, and had been an officer of artillery under the old French government, caused the fortress of Acre to be repaired, (which was fortified after the mode of the twelfth century,) with courtines flanked with square towers. Captain Miller of the Theseus furnished the colonel with whatever means he could dispose of to repair this ancient bulwark of Syria. Nevertheless these labours would most probably have been insufficient to sustain Djezzar against the attacks of the French, if, at the very moment when Bonaparte had finished the investment of Acre, the fleet of gun-boats which had on board the greatest part of his battering pieces and his stores, had not been taken by Sir Sidney. The French flotilla was doubling Mount Carmel when it was perceived by the Tigre, pursued, and soon overtaken by the fire from the ships; when seven of the vessels that composed it struck their flag: a corvette and two small vessels made their escape. This loss, irreparable to the French, in the situation they were in, decided the fate of St. John d'Acre; for, notwithstanding the state of defence in which colonel Phelipeaux had put the place, the boldness and intrepidity of the French in their attack might have made up for the want of the heavy artillery, and all the machinery necessary to press on a siege; but it is evident that these objects so necessary to the French, not only lost and destroyed, but taken and transported for the defence of the same place, ought, if they were well employed, to make the balance of means turn on the side of the besieged. The cannon and stores were landed immediately, and the vessels that conveyed them armed, and employed to harass the French posts established on the coast, in order to intercept or disturb the communications and convoys.

Sir Sidney Smith had gone on shore to give every assistance in his power towards the defence of the place; and it was, no doubt, in a great degree, owing to the assistance afforded by Sir Sidney, and the brave Englishmen under his command, that Acre was saved, and Bonaparte, for once, foiled in all his attacks.

The French opened the trenches to the east of the town on the 20th of March, and pushed their works at first, with so much activity that on the ninth day after they had effected, what they hoped to be, a practicable breach; but they failed in the assault, and the greater part of the officers who headed the attack perished under a most dreadful fire.

The ill success of this first attack, and the hope which Djezzar entertained of being supported by a body of Naplowsians and Mograbins, who were to assemble at Damascus, led him to make some brisk sallies, in which he was generally repulsed, but which tended greatly to harass the French. On the 8th of April, sir Sidney Smith, in concert with Djezzar, made a considerable sally in three columns, at the head of which were the marines. The end of this sortie was to destroy the works nearest the place, and chiefly mine

led under the counterscarp. This perilous attack was intrusted to the brave captain Oldfield, who had distinguished himself at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope. He broke the head of the column of the centre, and threw himself first on the entrance of the mine, where he was mortally wounded, and carried off by the French grenadiers. He expired in the arms of the enemy, amidst the warmest testimonies of their regret and esteem. The three columns suffered considerably by the fire from the batteries and parallels, and the intermediate space was strewed with the dead.

The Turks had now collected a considerable force, estimated by Kleber who reconnoitred their different corps at not less than 40,000, in order to compel the French to raise the siege. Bonaparte therefore drew off from the army before Acre all the force he could spare to give them battle. He marched to meet them, and defeated them near Mount Tabor, obliging them to retreat in the greatest disorder towards Damascus.

Bonaparte then returned to resume the siege, and pressed on the works. The mine destined to blow up the town was finished and set fire to; but a part of the mine having vented itself by some subterraneous passage, one side only of the tower was sprung, and the breach was not more practicable than before. Never were a few yards of ground of so much importance in the defence of a place, and never was the rubbish of a bad work disputed with so much eagerness.

Scarcely was the mine sprung than Bonaparte was anxious to know how the town was connected with the rest of the place. Thirty grenadiers succeeded in lodging themselves in the rubbish under the cieling of the first story; but the besieged having communication with the ruins of the upper stories, threw inflammable matter into that below, which forced the French grenadiers to abandon it. The next day the French battteries continued demolishing, and during the night the French miners tried again to get possession of the tower. They were again obliged to evacuate it, overpowered by the fire and combustible materials which the Turks, whom they had not yet completely dislodged from the upper stories, continued to rain upon them.

The besieged, almost the whole of whose pieces in front of the attack were dismounted, now opened new batteries, and began forming exterior works. This counter-attack was skilfully directed by colonel Phelipeaux, but the besieged unfortunately lost his assistance by his death during the siege. On both sides the works were pushed on with the utmost ardour; and were supported alternately by new assaults and new sallies; but the French had not artillery enough to silence the fire, and make a lodgement in the works, and they were soon in want of ammunition. The courage and activity of the besieged increased in proportion as the fire of the besiegers slackened. A new mine, intended to blow up the counterscarp, opposite the second breach which they had begun to make under the courtine on the eastern side, failed; the chassies were demolished, and the well filled up. Bonaparte still persisted to open a passage by the breach of the half-ruined tower: every thing was carried with ardour; the

French had once again possession of the tower, but they could not keep it, and the besieged returned again to their works, May 7.

The same day a Turkish flotilla from Rhodes brought reinforcements of men and stores. Bonaparte determined to make a new effort before the landing of this succour, and caused the attack to be renewed against the new works. The French at first appeared to have the advantage; the courtine on the right of the tower battered in breach having crumbled down, and offering a passage which was tolerably practicable, Bonaparte went to reconnoitre it, and ordered general Lannes to make the attack. The head of the column was led by general Rambaud, who climbed the breach, and penetrated into the place at the head of an hundred grenadiers. The Turks, however, encouraged by their brave auxiliaries, still stood firm on the ruins of a tower, and kept up a very brisk fire of musquetry, filed into the ditch, taking the breach in rear, and stopped the escalade and the impulsion of the columns. Showers of combustible matter, the fire from the tops of the houses, from the barricades, and from the palace of the pacha, on those who had descended from the breach into the town, either destroyed or forced them back. The reserve, formed of the guides of the army, sprang forward to the breach, but in vain: the garrison rallied; the troops brought by the vessels hastened their landing to join the besieged; general Rambaud was killed on the spot, and the French, after having made the greatest exertions, were obliged to retire completely defeated.

After these multiplied and irreparable losses, it was found almost impossible to reduce a place defended with so much intrepidity, continually provisioned and supported on the side of the sea, and protected by sir Sidney Smith's squadron, who being himself in no fear of an attack could dispose of his crews, of his artillery, of his stores, in short of every resource which vessels well provided could furnish to a place besieged, and precisely such as the besieged were most in want of. In short the means of the besieged to defend the place were become decidedly superior to those of the assailants for attacking it, and no rational hope of succeeding against it could longer be entertained.

Bonaparte, however, could not resolve with himself to renounce this conquest, which Fortune, for the first time faithless, tore from him. He saw the place open, and the breach large; and on the 10th of May he made another impetuous attack; but the besieged, warned of this last assault, had reinforced a second and third line of artillery, which the French could not force; and Bonaparte, now reduced to despair, finally resolved to raise the siege, and the army began to retire secretly from before the place on the 20th of May, the 61st day after breaking ground.

Thus ended the expedition of Bonaparte into Syria, which possibly might have had a very different termination, had it not been for the well-planned measures and gallant exertions of sir Sidney Smith.

After the retreat of Bonaparte from Syria, and his subsequent departure for France, Sir Sidney

continued on the same station, and soon after listened to proposals from the French general Kleber for a treaty stipulating the evacuation of Egypt by the French troops. Conferences were held for this purpose on board the Tigre at Alexandria, and the convention was finally agreed to at El-Arisch, by sir Sidney Smith, as minister plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty. Lord Keith, however, the naval commander in chief on the Mediterranean station, having received other instructions, declared the treaty null and void, and hostilities were recommenced by Kleber, who immediately after attacked and entirely defeated the Turkish army with very great loss.

Whether the British ministry of that time acted wisely in directing hostilities to be carried to extremity is at the best but very doubtful. It is alleged that the convention of El-Arisch was not known in England in time to receive the sanction of Government; and that as soon as it was known counter-orders for its fulfilment were dispatched to lord Keith, but these arrived too late to be acted upon.

Sir Sidney has been employed in various other services, in which he has not found the same opportunities of distinguishing himself. He is at present at the head of a squadron blockading Lisbon, and there is no doubt but he will perform whatever can be effected by prudence, vigilance, and valour.

FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESS.

1. AN evening dress à *l'Antique*, composed of a robe of thick muslin or cambric, worked round the bottom with brown silk in a rich etruscan pattern: over the robe is a short vest of deep buff muslin, worked in the same style. Hair dressed quite plain, and ornamented with a buff muslin or net handkerchief, worked also round in the same rich border: the sleeves of the dress are richly worked to correspond; the pattern of which will be given with the present number.

2. The child's dress of French cambric, worked and escaloped round the bottom and sleeves; the body welted very small, either in diamonds, or in a bias. Buff kid shoes.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE date of my last note to you (February 2, 1808,) will be of itself a sufficient proof that I answered the question of your correspondent very hastily: indeed, at that time, I felt so completely positive in my own mind, that I had read the lines in question in Hudibras, that I made no reference whatever to the work itself, but hastened the note off to you. After I had sent the note, it struck me that the lines might not be used in Hudibras precisely in the same way that your correspondent quoted them, though still I felt confident I had read them there. This induced me to peruse that work through, which I have since done, but at such indolent intervals, if I may be allowed the expression, that the month of February had nearly expired before I found any thing like them, consequently it was out of my power

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Full Dress.

then to countermand the insertion of my note, which I was aware (if inserted at all) must be printed off.

However, upon getting into the Third Canto of the Third Part, I found *two lines*, which I fancy, by floating in my mind, had made me so confident that the *four* your correspondent quoted had been taken from Hudibras: the idea is precisely the same, though the expression is different; they are the 243d and 244th lines:

'For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.'

Something like the same idea appears to have been in Butler's mind when he wrote the four following lines, which occur in the Third Canto of the First Part, line 1047, and the three following:

'If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain;
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.'

I am now inclined to believe that the controverted lines formed as current a proverb in Butler's days as they do in our own; and that he is by no means the first who used them, or, which is the same thing, an idea borrowed from them.

I must now, Sir, beg pardon of you, and your fair readers, for the crude criticism I so hastily and unthinkingly foisted upon them; but I am sure, that both they and you will do me the credit to believe, that I was, at least, sincere in my opinion, and did not give it merely for the purpose of being thought wiser than any one else, in the vain hope that no person would detect my error! and indeed, I trust that the two lines I have adduced, being so similar in idea to the four pointed out by your correspondent, will, in some measure, form an excuse for my incorrectness.

With many thanks for your constantly polite attention, I remain,

Sir, yours, &c.

J. M. L.

March 3, 1808.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS your miscellany is more especially dedicated to the amusement and instruction of the fair sex, through the medium of its pages I wish to caution them against the present infamous attempts at deception resorted to by numerous tradesmen, and which, being more intended to mislead the female part of the population of this metropolis than any other, it behoves them to be guarded against. I allude to the pretended selling off bankrupts stocks, &c.

One tells you, that owing to a dissolution of partnership, the stock is to be sold off, *much under prime cost* of course. Another tells you exactly the reverse; that having *taken in* a partner the stock must be disposed of, by which some persons would understand that the public are to be *taken in* as well. One gentleman states (and we must needs think him a lucky fellow) that he has got a situation under government, and the stock must be sold, &c.—Others are going to settle in the country; some, I doubt, not much farther than *the Surry side of Blackfriars Bridge.*—In short, the town is full of these nuisances, for such they really are: you are obliged to go off the curb-stone into the kennel to accommodate the credulous crowds who are gaz-

ing at the windows, or waiting for their turn to go in.

I suppose the next effort to deception will be something to the following effect:—'*Mr. Powderedpate*, being about to lead a lady to the *altar of Hymen*, who is possessed of a large fortune, is quitting business, and is determined to undersell every other shop.'

That mind must be weak indeed which can imagine *all these shops* are *really* selling cheap: a moment's reflection will be enough to convince any one that their intention is directly the contrary.

A few articles are hung up at the door as traps; these are, most likely, marked very low, but when the shop is entered, it is so completely darkened that I defy the best judges to be aware of the quality of the things they are purchasing; the consequence is, that nine out of ten are made to pay considerably more than they would at any shop where the business is conducted upon the old-fashioned principle of honour. A female acquaintance of mine was served exactly in this way; who, upon discovering how much she had been cheated, felt more than half ashamed at her own credulity and want of thought.

It may be said, that these are evils which will soon remedy themselves; I am one of those who think so; but at the same time a cautionary warning may prevent numbers from being gulled at these deceptive shops, and also contribute to bring on quicker that day, when such places will be shunned by every *prudent economical* female.

Such only is the motive of this letter, and the wish of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. M. L.

February 25, 1808.

ACCOUNT of the PERSON and CHARACTER of the present KING of PERSIA, and the CEREMONIES of his COURT. *

[*From Waring's Tour to Shiraz.*]

FATAH Ali Shah the present king is about seven-and-twenty years of age. He is a Kejer, an inconsiderable tribe in the neighbourhood of Tahiran, and of no repute before the accession of Aga Mohammed Khan to the throne of Persia. Indeed, during the reign of Kerim Khan they were in general disrepute, nothing being more common than the lowest people of the Bazar refusing to sell them any article, on the plea that they had nothing fit for a Kejer sufficiently bad and vile. But now, owing to the very great partiality the king evinces for his tribe, they have become the most considerable people in the kingdom; and the name of Kejer is detested and feared in every part of the empire of Persia. All the responsible trusts are conferred upon them, and the present governor of Ispahan, and of the district of Irac, was elevated from his former situation of a seller of greens to his present station merely because he was a Kejer.

The manners of the king are said to be very dignified, though at the same time very affable and prepossessing; and he is allowed

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* The intercourse which the present ruler of France appears anxious to open with Persia, and which he seems in some degree to have obtained, probably with a view to an attack on the British possessions in the East Indies, cannot but give an additional interest to any information relative to this country or its sovereign.

to possess all the exterior accomplishments of a Persian. In his person he is superior to most men; and the immense length of his beard (a gift highly valued by the Persians) is a perpetual theme of discourse and admiration. He has been engaged in no military enterprise, and in consequence of this, the public opinion denies him the only Persian virtue, courage*. His annual expeditions towards Khorasan are made with the view of engaging the attention of his subjects, and accustoming his troops to the fatigues of actual service, but without the smallest design of attempting the reduction of that province. The greatest blemish in his character is the murder of Haji Ibrahim, who had regarded him as a son, and had evinced for him the affection of a father. It is said that the minister used to take greater liberties than the extent of his services allowed; but I know of no excuse which can palliate such barbarous inhumanity.

The court of Tahiran is said, by those who have had many opportunities of judging, to be very magnificent and splendid, and in every respect becoming the sovereign of an extensive and flourishing empire. When the king receives any one in state, his sons, who are very numerous, stand in a line from the throne †; his ministers and officers of state behind them; and in the avenues are perhaps more than two thousand golami shakis sumptuously clothed. The master of the ceremonies introduces the stranger, and every thing is conducted with the greatest decency and solemnity. Permission to be seated in the presence of the king is only granted to ambassadors, and envoys from foreign states, and to, I believe, the Shaik al Islam, as the chief priest of the Moslem religion. The king sometimes wears his regalia; and by allowing the rays of the sun to fall upon him, I have heard it was impossible to behold him with any degree of steadiness. His jewels are supposed to be superior to any potentate's in the world: indeed it would be surprising were it otherwise, as he is possessed of all the valuable jewels in his empire.

The king's eldest son, Mir Ali Khan, is an enterprising young man, much esteemed by the soldiers; and as his illegitimacy deprives him of all hope of peaceably succeeding his father, it is difficult to say what the intrigues of discontented noblemen might not excite him to attempt. He has frequently declared to the present king, his father, that the sword should either secure or deprive him of the throne; and that it was his determination to overcome the obstacles that were placed in his way. Such is the situation of princes in a despotism, that it is the only means they have of preserving their lives; and in the event of the king's death, Persia will again be deluged with blood; for as the princes are the governors of various districts in the empire, they have each the means of asserting their claims to the throne.

* I have frequently heard the Persians say, that the king did not deserve the throne because he had not won it by the sword.

† His family amounts to *above fifty*, several of whom were born on the same day.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

TO FANCY.

QUEEN of the thought romantic, Fancy, hail!
Illusive, bright, imaginary maid!
Oft doth the Muse implore thy charm-fraught aid,
Oft pierce the texture of thy magic veil;
Oft near thy visionary bower's sweet shade
Cull the bright wreath that decks the graceful tale.
Nymph! thy lov'd presence fervently I woo,
Oh haste, array'd in all thy wonted charms;
As when his trains did thy soft heart subdue,
And thy lov'd Shakspeare won thee to his arms.
Goddess of the changeful scene,
Oh haste thee with that airy mien,
That varying cheek, light step, and roving eye,
Clad in thy robe of iris-tinctur'd dye.
Thy sunny tresses negligently bound
With flowers, the pride of yonder lowly vale;
The violet sweet, that loves the dew-clad ground,
The towering hawthorn and the primrose pale,
Save where dishevell'd by the passing gale;
Bright as a morning beam,
That o'er the mountains gleam,
Upon thy breast reclin'd,
Wantonly waving in th' inconstant wind:
A flowing lock of thy redundant hair
Aids and conceals the snowy splendor there.

Oh lead me, Fancy, to thy fairy bower,
Where graces, loves, and sports attend thy smile;
There thy bland magic shall each thought beguile,
And o'er my soul its dulcet influence shower:
Oh let me oft at noontide's hour serene,
Enwrapt in thy bright visionary vest,
Explore the treasur'd mines of worlds unseen,
Worlds that exist within a poet's breast.

Or waft me to some sea-nymph's coral cave
Where briny waters undulating lave
The roseate pebbles of the humid floor,
And there, in subterranean bowers,
The latent wonders of the deep explore,
The force of Ocean's vegetative powers,
And the wild world of waves tremendous roar,
There let me listen to the sea-maid's song,

That sweetly sounding to the charm-
struck shore,
Dies in the gale that doth its strains
prolong.

Or when pale twilight veils her sha-
dowy face,
Let me the woodland's pathless bound-
ary trace;
When sadly sounds the ev'ning bell,
Enter with fearless step yon dark
dim dell,
Where, in a gloomy spectre-stalk-
ing spot,
'Neath the rude shelter of a moss-
grown grot,
Doth the lone world-forgotten hermit
dwell.
There let me oft when midnight decks
the scene,
With all her bright etherial beamy
train,
And her fair planet clad in brilliant
sheen
In soften'd splendor beams, — then
o'er the plain
Oft let me range, unconscious of the
hour,
Unconscious of its dread attendant,
Fear,
And, Fancy, let me lose my every
care,
In thy embrace, lov'd fascinating pow'r!

MARY D——.

Nov. 7, 1807.

THE VILLAGE PATH-WAY TO MY HUMBLE DWELLING.

LET others sing in far-resounding lays,
The pride of courts, the vain tumul-
tuous throng,
A sweeter theme shall now awake my
praise,
A sweeter theme inspires my hum-
bler song.

Say, shall I sing thee, when on Spring's
fair dawn,
Thy varied flow'rets 'neath their pale
buds swelling,
Fring'd thy green carpet with the hues
of morn,
Sweet village path-way to my humble
dwelling?

Or when fair Summer's fervid-breath-
ing gale,
And glowing Sol's invigorating rays
Dyes Earth's gay mantle, erst of faintly
pale,
With tints more bright than Heaven's
own bow displays?

Yes, then thou charm'st: — Or when
flush'd Autumn brings
Her luscious stores with rip'ning
sweetness swelling,
Of thee my lowly Muse unweary'd
sings,
Sweet village path-way to my humble
dwelling!

Or even in rugged Winter's ruthless
reign,
When chilly blasts the leafless groves
invest;
When the brown mead and russet-man-
tled plain
Are in their icy-skirted livery drest,

Even then, when with my heart's dear
friend I stray,
The rapt'rous tale of mutual friend-
ship telling,
I love to trace thy snow-besprinkled
way,
Sweet village path-way to my humble
dwelling!

MARY D——.

Nov. 26, 1807.

STANZA.

JOY o'er my playful childhood gleam'd,
And hope display'd her shining trea-
sure;
Secure my happy prospects seem'd,
Of luckless ill my heart ne'er dream'd,
And o'er each laughing feature beam'd
The smile of undissembled pleasure.

I then was told, but felt no dread,
That e'er I reach'd youth's promis'd
morrow,
Stern grief o'er my devoted head,
Her pallid ensign would have spread,
And I the bitter tear should shed,
The tear of unavailing sorrow.

I then was told my ardent mind
Would often prove a source of an-
guish;

A feeling heart, warm, tender, kind,
A mere chimera I should find,
And for a friend to interest blind
My soul would vainly, vainly languish.

I then was told, Oh may I ne'er,
Ne'er prove the truth of the assertion,
That man, false man, would try t' ensnare
My heart with vows of promise fair,
Then leav 't a prey to dark despair,
And basely break it by desertion.

MARY D——.

Dec. 8, 1807.

CORDS AND TASSELS.

HER untied cords and tassels yonder Belle
Intends, ye Bucks, as innuendo sly:
Thus loosely dangling, they are meant to tell,
The wearer wants a Beau, *the noose to tie*.

GIOVANNI.

LINES

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL MANIAC CONSTANTLY VISIT A TOMB-STONE IN A CHURCH-YARD, IN THE EVENING.

AH! wherefore at the silent hour of eve
Does Mary, with the choicest flowers of Spring,
Bedeck that grassy turf, and there relieve,
By tears, her bursting heart, and some wild ditty sing!

Sweet plaintive notes of sorrow now again,
In melting softness, strike upon mine ear,
Breathing a sad but wild enchanting strain,
Which from a Stoic's heart might draw the pitying tear.

Has some deceitful man thy trust betray'd,
And basely left thee friendless and forlorn?
By keen ingratitude thy love repaid?
And gave thee up to mockery and scorn?

Didst thou not catch a father's parting breath,
Or from his trembling lip forgiveness gain?
Didst thou not sooth with smiles his bed of death,
Or by thy tender care alleviate his pain?

That now, with alter'd look and haggard eye,
Thou turn'st those wreaths, and warblest thy sad song,
Now horridly dost laugh, now deeply sigh,
Whilst the mild echoing gale those plaintive sounds prolong!

Turn not that piteous vacant stare on me,
Nor deeper pierce my interested heart;
I'd fondly strive to heal thy misery,
Would'st thou to my true bosom all thy woes impart.

CAROLINE.

Fleet-Street, Dec. 12, 1807.

MASTER MOWBRAY

OH, little did his mother dream,
Proceeding to the Fair,
Her darling, by a cruel team,
Would meet disaster there!

And little did his father dread,
Whom cares at home detain,
No more, till number'd with the dead,
To see his son again!

Up Portsdown*, in his mother's hand,
Th' exulting boy ascends;
Fairings invite on every stand—
He meets with troops of friends.

* Portsdown is a hill in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, where there is an annual fair. The calamity which gave occasion to these Verses happened July 29, 1806.

Adown the hill, as pleasure leads,
He bounds with nimble heel;
But swifter run yon frighted steeds—
Ah! faster rolls the wheel!

All mangled is that lovely form
Which shone with grace before;
And, like the ruins of a storm,
That face is fair no more!

And falt'ring is that tuneful tongue,
And dim that closing eye;
And ev'ry nerve is now unstrung,
And death is in that sigh!

'Oh, were I in my father's bed!'
The fainting suff'rer cried:
His weeping mother hung her head,
He kiss'd her cheek, and died!

They bore him to his father's bed,
The bed to him so dear:
They bore him to his father's bed—
That bed is now his bier!

Oh, long, long will his playmates look
For Mowbray as they roam;
And never will his parents brook
Their childless, cheerless home!

With him, when age should comfort crave,
They hop'd to end their care!
Now nought but hope beyond the grave
Can smooth their passage there!

J. MAYNE.

LINES

To MARY-ANN.

WHO is the maid that first possest
My earliest care, my peace and rest,
The charming girl whom I love best?
'Tis Mary-Ann!

Who is that dear angelic maid
That with my tender passion play'd,
Tho' always gladly I obey'd?
'Tis Mary-Ann!

Who has a sweetly-smiling face,
Who always moves with winning grace,
And in whose heart I have a place?
'Tis Mary-Ann!

Tho' many months have winged their flight
Since chance first brought her to my sight,
She still remains my heart's delight?
Yes, Mary-Ann!

When ill and helpless I did lie,
And friends around thought I should die,
Who to my aid did quickly fly?
'Twas Mary-Ann!

Who, while the tear of pity fell,
And anguish did my bosom swell,
Who pray'd that I might soon be well?
Kind Mary-Ann!

Remembrance of a maid so kind
Must ever live within my mind—
To such I ne'er can prove unkind;
No, Mary-Ann!

Now, dearest girl! full brief I'll be,
No other can I love but thee;
Then in return do thou take me,
Dear Mary-Ann!

RICHARD.

Dec. 7, 1807.

STANZAS

TO MISS SOPHIA TROUGHTON, ON READING HER 'DOWNHILL OF LIFE, A VISION.'*

WHENE'ER thy native heart-felt strains display
The emanations of a soul refin'd;
The scene pathetic, terror-fraught, or gay,
Pourtrays the genius of a virtuous mind.

And when bright Fancy, in illusion's dream,
Beams o'er thy head her mild benignant ray,

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* See our last Vol. p. 69.——We are sorry this, and some other contributions, of Miss Mary D——Should have been mislaid, and so long overlooked.

What graces animate the moral theme,
And rule the willing mind with gentle sway!

May the descent of Life's declining hill
To thee e'er prove a rose-strewn path of peace;
May the pure stream from Joy's unsullied rill,
Give to her tender flowers tenfold increase.

And when, by Fate's all-powerful doom, you taste
The bitter waters of the sable flood,
May the dark waves in lessening horrors drest
Waft you to kindred angels blest abode.

MARY D——.

Coleshill.

'WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.'

WHEN disappointments chill the youthful mind
We rashly reckon Providence unkind;
Think that the boon denied is bliss supreme,
And insignificant all others deem;
For oft the youthful mind too ardent feels,
And sweet contentment from the bosom steals;
Gives to dire anguish life's most precious hours,
While misery enervates the mental powers.

Ah! was sweet patience ours—did we discern
'What is, is best,' and resignation learn,
Did we but know as years mature advance,
Wisdom would shine in what we reckon'd chance,
Hope would not die whate'er our state might be,
But point the solace—bright futurity.

COTTAGENA.

LAURA.

MARK poor Laura, so sad! once the maiden was gay,
Ere misery keen seal'd her fate;
Her morn of fifteen was as cheerful as May,
But pale sorrow has triumph'd of late.

So fair, and so charming, the youths of the vale
Emulated her praise to obtain;
And oft the lute's cadence was heard thro' the gale,
'Twas love that dictated the strain.

On a youth of muchmerit her heart she bestow'd,
But Fortune presum'd to oppose;
In the breast of the swain a warm patriotism glow'd,
And the soldier's profession he chose.

Oft severe is the fate of the gallant and brave—
In the moment of victory he fell!
Ah! what was his glory when laid in his grave!
Ah! what to poor Laura his knell!

THE OLD MAID.

FULL many ills of life has borne,
And keenly felt reproachful scorn,
While wounded feelings, oft supprest,
Corrodes the softness of her breast;
No friend her joys or griefs to share,
Unheeded fades the child of care.
In Life's fair morn gay Frederic bow'd,
On him affection she bestow'd;
Sanguine in youth, hope smiling drew
Fair scenes enrich'd by Fancy's hue;
But soon did sad experience prove
Neglect alone was hers for love;
For Fortune frown'd, her lover fled,
And left her misery's tears to shed:
Then sadden'd, sigh'd the luckless maid,
Till sooth'd by sacred Reason's aid;
Blest Resignation came at last,
And temper'd memory of the past.

COTTAGENA.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Koningsberg, Jan. 2.

ORDERS have been sent by their respective courts to the Russian and Prussian ministers at Copenhagen, to make the strongest remonstrances against the violent proceedings of the Danes in the Baltic, and against the jurisdiction they have assumed over Russian and Prussian ships.

The misery that exists in those parts now almost beggars description, particularly at Dantzic, where the exactions of the French daily increase; many of the necessaries of life are difficult to be got, and a total want of salt is soon to be apprehended. The poor Prussians have been under the necessity of prohibiting the importation of it from England, but in Russia it is still allowed to come direct from thence.

Copenhagen, Jan. 19. It appears that as early as the month of July last, it was supposed in the Isle of France, that a war must at last be unavoidably between England and Denmark, on which account an embargo was laid on all the Danish ships lying there; a hope is therefore entertained that by this measure of the French government there, many of the ships of our merchants and trading companies will escape being captured.

By the fitting out of the Danish fleet, orders for which have been sent down to Portsmouth, it is very manifest what was the real motive for the robbery committed here; could any doubt remain concerning it? The English at first boasted they had ships enough, and only wanted to detain ours that they might not be employed against them.

To encourage our manufactures, and annoy the enemy, the following three measures have been proposed as the most efficient: First, the prohibition of the use and importation of any English manufactures: Second, The introduction of a national dress: Third, The establishment of a great privateering company, the privateers of which should keep at no great distance from each other, so as to be able to come to each other's assistance, and on the first gun firing, by which means they might be enabled to capture the convoying ship and all the vessels under its convoy. This, it is stated, is a plan which might easily be effected if the ship of war be attacked at the same time at the head, the stern, and on both sides, by the above number of privateers, each having from twenty to thirty guns. The coasts of Norway and the West Indian seas are the proper places for such privateers to cruise in. This plan comes from a marine officer.

Vienna, Jan. 30. The last courier which our cabinet sent to London, returned here on the 27th instant, and brings dispatches, which state, that the British government rejects the offer of our mediation, since which, preparations indicative of the departure of the English minister are observed; and we learn, that our late ambassador at London, prince Starhemberg, is on his way hither. A report is circulated that the English have taken possession of several islands in the Archipelago.

Amsterdam, Jan. 30. A message from his majesty was yesterday read in the meeting of the legislative body, stating that East Friesland, and the lordship of Jevern, Varel, and Kniphausen, are in-

corporated with the kingdom of Holland, under the name of the department of East Friesland; yet that part of East Friesland which is situated West of the Ems is to form part of the department of Groningen.

Banks of the Main, Feb. 2. It is reported that great projects relative to the Ottoman empire will be immediately put in execution. His serene highness the grand duke of Berg will, it is said, take possession of the principality of Munster, and of the counties of Munich, Lingen, and Tecklenberg.

Paris, Feb. 2. They write from Bourdeaux, under the date of the 28th of January, that the four French frigates, which were in Garonne, have put to sea, as well as the Rochefort squadron, which consists of five ships of the line and two frigates.

Vienna, Feb. 6. The news from Turkey is warlike: two armies are assembling, consisting of 150,000 men each, for the purpose of being prepared in all points, and the fleet is abundantly provisioned. The Porte seems inclined to the side of England, and it is feared that the English may occupy Egypt and the Morea with the consent of his highness.

Frankfort, Feb. 6. We are assured that the troops of the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first notice. Perhaps they are destined to replace the French troops in Dalmatia, in case these should be obliged to march to India. According to the latest intelligence, the English have possessed themselves of all the Archipelago islands.

Helsingfort, Feb. 8. Intelligence having been received that a considerable number of Russian troops was assembling in Russian Finland and on the frontiers, lieut.-general De Klerchers, who, during the absence of his excellency the general in chief, count Klingspor, commands his majesty's troops in this quarter, put the whole army of Finland in motion, and ordered it to rendezvous in different places. The garrisons of the fortresses have been considerably reinforced; all strong places have been supplied with provisions and warlike stores; and in general the most vigorous means adopted to put the country in a respectable state of defence; many of the inhabitants have also offered to take up arms in case their assistance should be required, relying on the justice of their cause.

Stockholm, Feb. 8. Sweden is on the eve of difficulties. As I am informed a courier arrived from Baron Stedinck on Thursday evening, the importance of whose dispatches brought the king to town the following morning. The Russians are rumoured to have actually passed the frontiers. So far I know to a certainty, that the officers attached to the Finland regiments received orders yesterday morning to join their corps immediately. General Klingspor, commander in chief in Finland, leaves town this afternoon with his staff. It is stated that baron Stedinck had sent orders to the regiments on the frontiers to collect themselves into a body, and that he would come and take the command of them until his majesty's pleasure was known.

Feb. 13. We have received certain intelligence from Finland of the Russians having advanced upon the Swedish territory; the war may therefore be regarded as begun. The measures which we now see every where taken, leave us no longer in doubt as to the urgency of the danger. All the Swedish regiments have received orders to proceed by forced marches to the frontiers.

Cassel, Feb. 14. The Westphalian Moniteur contains the following article:—

The introduction of any kind of English commodities is now forbidden throughout the whole kingdom, and all public officers are to make the utmost exertion to carry the order into complete effect. The prefect of the department of the Werra has already given a proof of his activity in this respect, which has received the approbation of his majesty.

On the first instant, several bales of merchandise were seized at Marburgh, which were immediately publicly burnt according to the royal ordinance. The English may therefore continue to ac-

cumulate their commodities in the warehouses, and lament the loss of them: but they will find that among the French and their allies there is industry sufficient to supply all the wants of the continent, and that every precaution is vigilantly taken to prevent the treacherous introduction of the commodities of their enemies.

Copenhagen, Feb. 16. According to the last accounts from France an embargo had been laid on all the Sardinian ships in the French ports, and all cruisers obtained leave to chase, not only all vessels under Sardinian colours, but also all ships which set sail from Sardinia, or are bound for that island. We learn by letters from Vienna, that the Russian troops in Italy, who were under orders to return to Russia, have received counter-orders, in consequence of the emperor Napoleon finding it necessary that they should for the present remain in Italy.

Strasburgh, Feb. 20. Letters from Toulon bring the important intelligence that the fleet, then reinforced by the combined French and Spanish fleets, probably the fleets from Rochefort and Cadiz, set sail from that harbour on the 7th and 8th of February, and stood towards Sicily with a favourable wind at south-east. The number of ships of the line amounts to thirty.

Paris, Feb. 21. Letters from Lyons of the 11th and 12th, announce that the Rochefort squadron which left that port in the month of January last, after a short cruise in the Atlantic, passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and is safely arrived at Toulon, where it has united itself to the squadron in that port. The Rochefort squadron consists of from five to six sail of the line, some frigates, and light vessels. The Spanish squadron from Carthagena has also put to sea, and has joined (if we may believe these letters) the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons. Several other ships have also left the different ports of Spain, so that the combined fleet will be very considerable. Five sail of the line have been built, equipped, and armed, within a short time at Toulon. It is generally reported at Lyons, and in all the ports of the Mediterranean, that the combined fleets intend to drive away the English ships cruising off Sicily and at the entrance of the Adriatic, and afterwards to attack the fleet of admiral Collingwood, stationed in the Archipelago and off the Dardanelles, before this fleet can receive reinforcements from England. The most recent letters from the south of France announce that the combined squadrons of Toulon, Rochefort, and Carthagena, reinforced by other ships, sailed from Toulon on the 7th and 8th of this month, and stood toward Sicily.

Gottenburgh, Feb. 20. Intelligence has just arrived, that the French, to the number of 40,000, are marching in two divisions for Zealand, and the first division was to leave Lubeck on the 12th of this month. Bernadotte was at Copenhagen making the necessary arrangements.

Paris, Feb. 25. The destiny of the present kingdom of Etruria is not determined on, or at least not yet made public. In the mean time, that country experiences the advantages of the immediate government of his majesty the emperor. On the 19th his majesty issued a decree of the highest importance for that beautiful district of Italy, according to which the Code Napoleon is to be proclaimed, and to have the force of law in Etruria from the 1st of May next.

Stockholm, March 1. We are looking forward here for the breaking out of war. The Russian minister, Von Alopeus, was already on the point to take his leave, when the king sent for him, and told him that he had still a last proposal to make; he would pledge his guarantee that no English ship of the line should enter the Baltic if they would not molest him, if not he would at any rate form an alliance with England, invade Norway, and bombard one part of the Baltic after another. The Russian ambassador has sent another courier with this proposal to Petersburgh. It is thought that the latter court will apply to Paris, and on the answer from thence, war or peace will depend. This decision is not, however, expected before the 25th of March; yet all these negotiations do not, it seems, amount to war.

R 2

HOME NEWS.

London, Feb. 26.

EARLY yesterday morning Mrs. Deacon, the housekeeper of lady Frances Moreton, 56, Lower Brook-street, was found by some workmen in the back kitchen, lying dead. It was at first supposed she had been murdered, as a wound had been inflicted in the inside of the bend of the left arm, but there was scarcely any blood to be seen, although it was two inches in depth, and across the veins. Mr. Heaviside, who had endeavoured to restore animation, made the case known at Marlborough-street Police-Office, and two persons were dispatched to make the necessary investigation. After searching the house for about an hour, they at length discovered in the front kitchen, which was darkened, a chair, and a counterpane covered with blood, and a pair of large scissors, which were also bloody, on the floor. On the side of the chair was a bucket nearly half full of blood, so that it was evident that the wound of the deceased had bled into the bucket; and the only conclusion that can be drawn is, that the unfortunate woman struggled into the back kitchen after having nearly bled to death. It is not surmised what were the motives that led to the death of the deceased, who on the preceding day had received a letter from lady Moreton to get the house ready for her reception.

On Tuesday se'nnight a boy 14 years of age, who had been missing since the 3rd inst. was found alive in Lee-Field Colliery, near Chester-le-street. When he went into the pit, being unwell, and unable to work, he walked into some of the old workings, and lost himself. He had nothing to eat since the day on which he was lost. He heard persons in search of him several times, and called to them, but being so weak they could not hear him. Notwithstanding this astonishing fast he is in a fair way of recovery.

Plymouth, Feb. 27. The Rock schooner is arrived from sea. She is said to have brought the important intelligence that the Rochefort squadron had passed the Gut of Gibraltar, and got into Toulon; and that a large body of troops was assembled in the neighbourhood of Toulon.

Truro, Feb. 27. The expedition so long detained at Falmouth under general Spencer, sailed on Sunday last, with a fine breeze at East. The number of troops amounts to about 9000, on board of 70 transports, and convoyed by the Antelope of 50 guns; Primrose brig of 18 guns; and the Milbrook schooner of 16 guns. It is now generally believed that they are bound to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. If so, they will probably make a very quick passage, as the wind has continued as fair for them as it can blow ever since they sailed.

Portsmouth, Feb. 27. The eleven sail of China ships which are under convoy of the Lion of 64 guns, captain Heathcott, expect to be dispatched on Monday next. The 17th regt. of light dragoons are to march in here on Monday from Chichester, and embarked on board them. A deputation of the court of Directors, with a secretary, are

coming from London to superintend the embarkation. The Proserpine, capt. Otter, and the Mercury, capt. J. A. Gordon, are appointed to sail on the 8th of March, with the convoy for the Mediterranean. The Northumberland of 74, capt. Hargood, for the Mediterranean station; and the Resolution of 74, capt. Burlton, to join sir C. Cotton, off Lisbon, will sail to-morrow morning. The Thalia frigate returns to the Guernsey station on Tuesday next.

Plymouth, Feb. 28. The account the Rock schooner brought of the Rochefort squadron having doubled on Duckworth, passed the Gut of Gibraltar, and arrived at Toulon, she had from one of our frigates cruising in the Bay, which spoke an American ship from Rochelle, the master of which said the above account had arrived overland by telegraph from Toulon; and he also added that 50,000 French troops were assembled in the neighbourhood of Toulon. Time alone will discover by what means the Rochefort squadron eluded the vigilance of our squadron off Cadiz, and slipped through the Gut of Gibraltar.

London, Feb. 29. A respectable mercantile house received on Saturday a letter from St. Michael's, one of the Azores, or Western islands, of so late a date as the 26th of Jan. which contains the following pleasing intelligence: The commandant-general of the Azores has given private directions, that on the appearance of a British force each of these islands should be surrendered on similar terms to those agreed on in the case of Madeira. A public order had also been issued directing that all goods of British manufacture were to be landed, on payment of a small duty. Cottons were to pay the same tax as woollens; and nothing was to be considered contraband except soap and tobacco. Grain, of which these Islands produce large quantities, was, after supplying Madeira, to be shipped for England.

A reinforcement of troops is about to be sent to Gibraltar, and it is supposed that a portion of the force originally intended for Sicily will stop at that fortress.

The 17th Light Dragoons, and the 2d Battalion of the 34th regiment, are under orders to embark for the East Indies. Recruits for most of the regiments in India, particularly the 7th, 22d, 56th, 59th, 65th, 67th, and 80th, embarked on board different Indiamen during the last week.

March 3. Yesterday evening, at seven o'clock, an inquest was held at the Marquis of Granby, Castle-street, Oxford-Market, on the body of M. le comte de (Feutiere, formerly a colonel of distinguished merit in the service of Louis XVI.) who was found dead the preceding day, at his apartments, No. 59, in the same street. Agnes Laura, who attended about the person of the deceased, for the last three weeks, deposed that he had been ill about a fortnight; that he was about a week confined to his room; but on Monday last, finding himself somewhat better than he had been, he gave the witness permission to go home to her family until the following afternoon. She did so, and, upon her return, found the door fastened; she knocked and called repeatedly, but received no answer. By the advice of the landlady of the house she brought the marquis de Fitz-James, an intimate friend of the deceased, to the house. He sent for a smith, and had the door broken open. The deceased was then seen with his clothes on, sitting up in his chair, with his head reclining on one shoulder. His hands and stomach were warm. Sticks were laid in the grate for lighting a fire, but it was not lighted; a mould candle was found to be burnt out as it stood upon the hearth. There was no appearance of violence whatever, by which the cause of his death could be even surmised. Nicolas Daniel, a Frenchman, and J. Homer, the landlord of the house in which the deceased had lodged, corroborated the testimony of the former witness. Verdict, *died by the visitation of God.*

Deal, March 3. The removal of the troops in this district begins to evince to us the probability of another expedition shortly to take place in this quarter. Yesterday a division of the

2nd West York militia came into quarters at this place from Margate and Ramsgate, and this morning continued its route to Dover, followed by another division which halted at Sandwich; the third is just arrived here, and will proceed to-morrow. This measure, it would seem, is to make room on the coast for the regiments to be embarked on the projected expedition. The 52d regiment occupy the quarters vacated by the York militia. The brigade of guards here and at Chatham are mentioned among the rest as likely to be called upon, being a fine body of men, in number about 5000. Additional credit is attached to this rumour, from the circumstance of the over-sea pilots having been engaged to conduct ships to the Baltic; and the naval force, it is conjectured, is to be of considerable magnitude, and its destination pretty generally stated to be Sweden.

Hertford, March 4. Thomas Simmons was indicted, for that he at Broxborn in this county, on the 20th of October last, did make an assault on Sarah Hummerstone, and wilfully gave her a mortal wound in the neck with a knife, of which she instantly died.—This is the case of the inhuman wretch who murdered the two unfortunate women at Hoddesdon, and the court was crowded at an early hour in the morning to hear the trial. It did not last long, as the facts lay in a very narrow compass.

Samuel James, a surgeon, at Hoddesdon, deposed, that on the 20th of October he went to the house of Mr. Boreham, at Hoddesdon. On going to the house he saw Mrs. Hummerstone leaning against the paling near the door; she was then alive, but died in three minutes of a wound in the neck, near the spine.

Sarah Harris, servant of Mr. Boreham, said she had lived four years with him: Simmons, the prisoner, had lived three years there, and quitted it last Michaelmas: the prisoner wished to marry her, but her mistress disapproved of it; they had quarrelled before he quitted the service—on which occasion he beat her; and when he had done he said he did not care if he had killed her. He has often said he would make away with her because she would not marry him. About half past eight in the evening on the 20th of October he came to the house—she was in the kitchen, and heard him coming along the yard; he was swearing violently. He came up to the window and struck at her through the lattice, and swore he would do for them all. She desired him not to make a noise as they had company; he said he did not care for the company, he would do for them all. Mrs. Hummerstone hearing the noise, opened the room door and came to the yard. She told him to go away. He gave her a blow on the head, which knocked off her bonnet: she ran into the house, and he immediately followed her. The witness immediately heard the shrieks of murder, but did not know from whom. All the family were in the room: the three young ladies, Mr. Boreham's daughters, Mrs. Warner, the married daughter, Mr. Boreham and his wife, and Mrs. Hummerstone. In a very short time the prisoner came to the wash-house to her; she shut the door, and cried out murder. The witness ran into the sitting-room—she saw some one lying under the window—she ran from thence down a passage—the prisoner followed her—she there met her master, with a poker in his hand; in running hastily her master, who is very old and feeble, was knocked down. The prisoner caught her and threw her down, and drew a knife on her. He threw her across Mrs. Warner, who was lying dead, as she believed. He drew the knife across her throat, but she guarded it with her hand, which was cut. He made a second blow, when she wrested the knife out of his hand. He immediately ran away, and she saw no more of him.

Benjamin Rook, the coroner, said, when the evidence of Harris was read to the prisoner, he said it was very true, he had murdered them, and no one else. He added that, that he did not intend to have murdered Mrs. Hummerstone, but he went with an intention of murdering Mrs. Boreham, Mrs. Warner, and Harris, the maid-servant.

The constable who carried him to prison deposed to the same effect. The

prisoner also told him that when he had got Betsey down he heard something fluttering over his shoulders, which made him get up and run away.

The prisoner being called upon to know if he had any thing to say, answered in a careless tone,' No !

Mr. Justice Heath told the jury the case was so clear that it was unnecessary for him to address any observations to them; the prisoner, as they had heard, had more than once confessed his guilt.

The jury found him guilty, and the learned judge immediately pronounced the sentence of the law—that he should be hanged on Monday next, and his body anatomized.

He heard the sentence of death with great indifference, and walked very coolly from the bar. The young girl, whom he attempted to murder, was in great agitation, and was obliged to be supported while in court.

Canterbury, *March* 10. On Thursday last a captain in the guards left Canterbury for London, accompanied by a man-servant and a pointer dog in a post-chaise.—Having taken another chaise at Rochester, the officer's conduct became very singular: whilst on the road, he alighted from the chaise and walked some distance, leaving his servant and the dog to ride; and at other times he ordered the servant to walk with the dog. The Canterbury stage overtook the chaise between Rochester and Gravesend, which the officer stopped, put his servant and the dog inside, discharged the post-boy, and mounted the box with the coachman to proceed to London. On the arrival of the stage-coach at the halfway-house between Gravesend and London, the officer declined going any farther, and ordered a bed and a fire to be made in the bed-room. He followed the chamber-maid closely up stairs; and on entering the bed-room, he expressed his surprise that the fire had not been kindled, and he began to undress. The chamber-maid retired, and the officer followed her down stairs, and observed, that he would wait in the parlour until the mail passed. About the hour when the mail was expected, the officer desired his servant to listen for the horn; and having informed his master that the mail was near at hand, they left the house to meet it. The servant walked a few paces before his master to stop the coach, and having done so, on looking round the officer was missing. He has never since been heard of, and various conjectures prevail respecting him. Some of the officers of the guards have been in pursuit of him without effect; and a wood near to the spot where the mail stopped, has also been carefully searched.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 21. At Boughton House, Kent, the lady of Will. Henry Douve, esq. of a daughter.

In Saville-row, the lady of William Hamilton, esq. of a son.

27. At Blithfield, Staffordshire, the right hon. lady Bagot, of a daughter.

The lady of Philip Hamond, esq. of Darsingham, Norfolk, of a daughter.

March 2. The lady of Ch. Littledale, esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, of a son.

6. The lady of Charles Dilke, esq. of a son, at his house at Bosworth, Leicestershire.

7. At Edinburgh, the lady of major Horace St.-Paul, of Ewart House, Northumberland, of a daughter.

10. At Liverpool, the lady of Will. Ouchterlony, esq. merchant, of a son.

At Shapwick, Somersetshire, the lady of Henry Strangways, esq. of a son.

13. The lady of Dr. Yelloly, of Finsbury-square, of a daughter.

At his seat in Northamptonshire, the lady of George Payrce, esq. of a son.

At Kentish Town, the lady of John Idle, esq. of a son.

17. At his seat, at Shalford-House Surrey; the lady of Henry Edmund Austen, esq. of a son.

At Chipstead-place, Kent, the lady of George Polhill, esq. of a daughter.

At Kedleston-hall, Derbyshire, lady Scarsdale, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 19. At Lochmalony, Fifeshire, major Boyd Horsebrugh, of Pitbladdo, to miss Scott, daughter of major Tho. Scott, of Lochmalony.

29. At Iniscarra church, near Cork, Fountain Hogg, esq. major of the 26th regiment of foot, to miss Carleton, daughter of John Carleton, esq. of Woodside.

March 1. At Hampstead church, by the rev. J. R. Hall, Richard Davenport, of the Inner Temple, esq. Barrister at law, to Sophia, daughter of J. Longley, esq. of Hampstead.

6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the rev. Dr. Hind, fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, and vicar of Findon, Sussex, to Mrs. Benwell, of Chilton-Foliatt, Wilts.

10. At St. Martin's church, by the rev. Will. Cockburn, A. M. Richard Alexander Tucker, esq. A. B. deputy paymaster-general of Nova Scotia, to Mary, eldest daughter of James Bruere, esq. of Craven-street.

12. John Lewis Mallett, esq. secretary to the Board of Commissioners for auditing Public Accounts, to Lucy, sixth daughter of Cha. Baring, esq. of Exmouth, Devonshire.

13. At Camberwell, Daniel Wilfink, esq. of Amsterdam, to Ann, daughter of Thomas Latham, esq. of Champion-hill, Camberwell.

By the rev. Mr. Laurence, at St. Mary-la-bone church, Mr. John M'Cay, surgeon, to Mrs. Henrietta Crockatt, late of Bengal.

At Petersham, Nathan Egerton Garrick, esq. lieutenant of his majesty's yeomen of guards, to Emma Maria, only daughter of the late Charles Vaughan Blunt, esq.

George Molle, esq. major of the 9th regiment of foot, to miss Catherine Brown, niece to Nicholas Browne, esq. of Eccles, in the county of Berwick.

17. At Charlton, Kent, John Collins, esq. commander of the honourable company's ship Travers, to Jane, daughter of J. L. Sherriff, esq. of Deptford.

22. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the lord bishop of Hereford, the rev. Robert Henry Johnson, rector of Wisstanstow, and vicar of Staunton Lacey, in the county of Salop, to Caroline, second daughter of sir Charles William Rouse Boughton, of Rouse-Lench, in the county of Worcester, baronet.

DEATHS.

Feb. 13. At Carside House, colonel Napier, of Milliker.

A few days since, at Framlingham, Suffolk, after many years afflicting illness, Mrs. Pritchard, wife of J. Pritchard, esq. youngest daughter of the late and sister to the present sir Willoughby Aston, bart. leaving issue one son and a daughter, who, with a numerous and respectable connexion, sincerely deplore her loss.

21. Lord Lake—His lordship's campaigns in India established his fame as a skilful and gallant officer, and for his meritorious conduct there he was promoted to the peerage. The deceased was a full general in the army, colonel of the 80th foot, governor of Plymouth, and treasurer of the duchy of Cornwall.

29. At the house of Patrick Colquhoun, esq. of James-street, Buckingham-gate, Maria, eldest daughter of Dr. P. M. Brody, late physician in the island of Tortola.

March 2. At his house in Upper Conway-street, Fitzroy-square, Nathaniel Tanner, esq. formerly a commander in the East India Company's service.

7. At Norwood, of a consumption, Mr. William Pears, aged twenty, a younger brother of Mr. John Pears of Cheapside.

Suddenly, at Lymington, the hon. Mr. Justice Rooke, whose truly pious character will ever be remembered and revered by a numerous circle of friends and relations.

15. At her apartments in Hampton-court palace, aged 74, the honourable Mrs. Jane Carey, daughter of Lucius Charles, sixth viscount Falkland.

17. Miss Eyton, eldest daughter of the rev. Hope Wynne Eyton, of Leeswood, in the county of Flint.

View on the River Seine in Normandy.